

The Imperial Bouquet
Of Pretty Flowers.

1876

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LORD LYTTON'S POETRY.

[*The following Critique on Lord Lytton's Poetry, the authorship of which is unknown to the EDITOR, was originally published in the "Pioneer" of March 11th, 1876.*]

A NEW edition of the complete works of Owen Meredith is, we believe, on the eve of publication. That he is not in the first rank of contemporary poets, that he cannot with any justice be classed with Tennyson, Browning, or Swinburne, is undeniable. At the same time, there is such hopeless vagueness about our notion of what constitutes poetic excellence, that it is very difficult to determine with anything like precision the relative position of even the best known poets. Nor, if such a classification were possible, is it in any way desirable. The qualities of feeling, perception, and expression, which constitute excellence in poetry, are too complex and too delicate to be susceptible of the rough generalizations implied in comparisons of this kind. Lord Lytton's claim to be considered a poet, should be judged on its own merits with reference to abstract philosophic principles of criticism, and not with reference to his inferiority to the greatest poets of his own time.

If we ask what is poetry, there is certainly no lack of definitions by way of reply. Their name is legion. They are not various and universal as poetry itself. They deserve splendid variety and contrariety, to be classed with the exhibit as a philosophy enumerated by Sir W. Hamilton's invincible tenacity.

Metaphysics, and they are open to an objection of very much the same kind. To attempt to define poetry, is to attempt to define the undefinable. Poetry may be felt, recognised to a certain extent, and, within certain limits, described, classified, and analysed; it cannot be defined, and an early recognition of this fact would have saved us from many false theories of poetic excellence and many abortive developments of poetic effort. Poets themselves have been the greatest sinners in this way. Whenever they were conscious of having attained a very high degree of excellence, the method by which they arrived at that excellence was *the* method, and every other method was at once empirical and misleading. "Poetry," says Shelley, "is the record of the best and happiest moments of the best and happiest minds." In relation to Shelley himself, and to his poetry, the definition is at once exquisitely felicitous and perfectly just. It is impossible to read Shelley's poetry in contrast with his life, and not to feel what the poetic faculty must have been to him, "the inner eye which no calamity could darken," the friend, the spirit which rose superior to his fame, and gave him the victory over solitude, suffering, persecution, and bereavement. But if Shelley was a poet, so was Byron, and so, although at an immeasurable distance, was Edgar Allen Poe. Now, to what extent were either Lord Byron or Poe good men or happy men in the sense in which Shelley understood either goodness or felicity? Absolutely to none whatever. They wrote with no moral aim—certainly to no moral end except the melancholy one that is implied in the misuse of the greatest opportunities and the noblest gifts. Is, then, poetry, on this account the same, considered merely as poetry? Assuredly not. The necessary relations of poetry, are absurdly misapprehended of our time. Poetry has no necessary relation to morality, no necessary

relation to any phase of feeling. It is concerned exclusively with our *sense of the beautiful*, and, so far as beauty enters into benevolence and morality, these form a part of the kingdom of beauty which poetry claims as its own. Of course, according to the Metaphysicians of the Burke school, our sense of the beautiful is always accompanied by some underlying moral perception, but this theory (a very flattering one to human vanity) is now entirely exploded. With Monsignor Capel, we believe that it is quite possible for a man to possess a sense of the beautiful in nature and art in the most refined and exquisite degree, and to be at the same time the incarnation of moral worthlessness,—to be a man like Savage, or Edgar Allen Poe, not to quote living instances which might furnish equally striking illustrations.

Imprimis, the poems of Owen Meredith have this rare merit. They are written on the soundest principles, inasmuch as they are written collectively on no fixed principle at all. Each separate poem is a law unto itself. They are connected with no special period of history, with no particular class of association, with no didactic purpose or intention of any kind. According to Owen Meredith, the sea, in its relation to the physical universe, is a type of what poetry is in relation to the human mind, the element which surrounds it, and which belongs to it in all its forms, at the same moment breaking in thunder on the cliffs of Labrador, and waving its quiet way under the softest skies into some leafy bay on the shores of the Mediterranean. His general conception of what poetry should be, is certainly just, and in this respect at least he is far superior to his great contemporaries, Browning and Tennyson, though, perhaps not superior to Swinburne, if we take into account the splendid variety of excellence which Swinburne's poems exhibit as a whole. Mr. Browning is still clinging with invincible tenacity

to what he believes the only effective form of poetic representation in its higher developments,—mental analysis of the most complex and elaborate kind. The error of this method may be detected in the assumption that underlies it. It assumes that the strength and fulness of our conception of a situation or a determination, is in proportion to our knowledge of all the circumstances and influences which have determined it. That assumption is entirely gratuitous. There is a point in the working of the human intellect at which imagination becomes much stronger than reality,—a point at which the skilful artist always withdraws the visible present, in order that the imagination may complete the picture in its own way, according to its own laws—a point at which the reiteration and repetition of details would weaken, not strengthen, the impression already made.

In his knowledge of this great truth, in the marvellous use which he made of that knowledge, Shakespeare of course stands supreme, unrivalled, and alone. Having shown us the horrors of Lady Macbeth's conscience-haunted dream, an inferior artist would never have resisted the temptation to "pile up the agony" and show us the horrors of her deathbed as well. Mr. Browning would assuredly have done so. He would have done more. He would have analysed for us, not merely Lady Macbeth's own feelings, but the feelings and impressions of every individual among her attendants, until every circumstance of the scene, every reflection which it suggested, every emotion which it inspired, was described, and nothing was left to the imagination at all. It was not thus that Shakespeare understood his art or its laws. We have seen the last of Lady Macbeth when the scene closes on the awful picture of her somnambulism and its horrors, and we have seen enough, and more than enough, to imagine all the rest. We only *hear* of her again. The tyrant raging amidst

his fierce preparation to die with harness on his back, is checked for the moment by the wail of women, "The Queen, my lord, is dead."

... "She should have died hereafter
There would have been a time for such a word
————— Out, out brief candle,
Life's but a walking shadow."

In Mr. Tennyson's hands, under these circumstances, Macbeth would have made a speech about equal in length to Arthur's in Guinivere. In Mr. Browning's, every one, including all Macbeth's soldiers, would have made speeches longer than Arthur's. With Mr. Swinburne. Macbeth would have wrung his hands, and a chorus would have explained in several hundred lines of the most sonorous and majestic kind why he was wringing them.

An accomplished modern critic has claimed for Mr. Tennyson that variety (the distinguishing characteristic of all the higher developments of poetic genius) which we claim in a measure for Lord Lytton. But surely the claim can scarcely be conceded. It is true that, so far as a mere choice of subjects is concerned, Mr. Tennyson's poems embrace a very wide range, but this is only variety of form; the master inspiration is nearly always the same. When he leaves it, even for a moment (and sometimes he does leave it), he sinks at once to the level of a lively and skilful versifier. And what is that "master chord of all that he has felt and feels?" It is the pathos and poetry implied in the contrast between happy and ill-fated love,—love not always happy, because it is pure, but love always cursed when it is mixed with any alloy of lower and baser feeling. This is the theme in different forms of nearly all the Idyls, the theme of Maud, in a great measure the theme of the Princess, of Aylmer's Field, of Locksley Hall, of nearly all his poems exhibiting

the higher attributes of his poetry, and associated most permanently with his popularity and success. Mr. Tennyson may have heard or read somewhere that patriotism, ambition, revenge, avarice, have exercised their full share of influence on human history, but the fact is one which he appears to have difficulty in realizing. Now, as Dr. Johnson observes, love is only one of the many passions which belong to human nature, and it may be questioned (notwithstanding the rhapsodies of poets and romancists), whether it is entitled to anything like the importance which has been assigned to it. With Mr. Tennyson it is the "be-all and the end-all" here and hereafter. It was a practice with some of the older painters to surround the portraits of eminent poets with vignettes, showing the various inspirations of the incidents, historic or fanciful, which they loved to depict. Thus, in an old portrait of Shakespeare, he is seated pen in hand, with his face lifted for inspiration to the thronging visions which the artist has grouped around him,—visions of kings and queens, and knights and warriors, of witches, fairies, demons, wizards, of everything almost in the skies above, in the earth beneath, or the waters that are under the earth. But if the inspirations of Mr. Tennyson's genius were exhibited in the same way, the artist might content himself with depicting a vast sea of petticoats.

And now for Lord Lytton. His variety, if not "infinite," is rare and wonderful. Nor is it in any sense mere variety of form. The spirit of his poetry is *essentially* various and discursive. He wanders over the universal field with "broad, wide, wandering wings," seeking material for his verse in every period of human history, in every condition of human life, in every phase of human feeling. At present we are only concerned with *Lucile*, but we trust on another opportunity to be able to do justice to his works as a whole.

In *Lucile*, a story of modern every-day life is told in verse as elastic as the fluctuations of the story itself, now crisp, lively, energetic, full of epigram and point, now stately and sonorous, now tender and melodious, with an exceeding grace and sweetness of pathos and melody. The story itself is simple. Lucile, Comtesse de Neverè (some ten years before the period at which the poem is supposed to open) has met Lord Alfred Vargrave, a young English nobleman, who was travelling on the Continent in search of pleasure, experience, and "distraction." They fell in love "most mutually" and are betrothed, but on both sides they are somewhat exacting, and after a series of small quarrels they part in considerable bitterness of feeling, but under one condition mutually agreed on between them. They agree to retain each other's love letters until one or both of them should demand their restitution. On this circumstance—the restitution of the letters—the plot of the poem is made to turn with great skill, and the most effective complications of incident and adventure in the subsequent development of the story. Lucile, while at Serchon, has heard that her old lover is engaged at Bigorre to a young English lady named D'Arcy. The poem opens with the letter which she writes to Vargrave asking him to return the old letters—the sacred ashes of her first young feeling. Vargrave has in a listless undefined sort of way drifted into a sort of engagement with Miss D'Arcy, and imagines that he loves her sufficiently to make her his wife. The description of Miss D'Arcy is one of the best things in the book :—

Lord Alfred, when last to the window he turn'd,
Ere he lock'd up and quitted his chamber, discern'd
Matilda ride by, with her cheek beaming bright
In what Virgil has call'd "Youth's purpureal light,"

(I like the expression and can't find a better).
 He sigh'd as he look'd at her. Did he regret her?
 In her habit and hat, with her glad golden hair,
 As airy and blithe as a bird in the air,
 And her arch rosy lips, and her eager blue eyes,
 With their little impertinent look of surprise,
 And her round youthful figure, and fair neck, below
 The dark drooping feather as radiant as snow.

Lord Vargrave, in an eventful moment for himself, resolves to go in person to Bigorre, and hand over the old letters to Lucile. On the road he meets a Frenchman, a most polished, critical, and fastidious Frenchman, who can talk of nothing but the beauty and fascination of the Comtesse de Nevere, and the profound sensation she created wherever she went. This is somewhat puzzling to Vargrave. She was not as he remembered her, a great beauty, and surely age had not added to personal charms never very striking even in youth. But this is the miracle which has been wrought, and these are the lines in which it is accounted for and described :—

Perhaps what so troubled him was, that the face
 On whose features he gazed had no more than a trace
 Of the face his remembrance had imaged for years.
 Yes ! the face he remember'd was faded with tears :
 Grief had famish'd the figure, and dimm'd the dark eyes,
 And starved the pale lips, too acquainted with sighs.
 And that tender, and gracious, and fond *coquetterie*
 Of a woman who knows her least ribbon to be
 Something dear to the lips that so warmly caress
 Every sacred detail of her exquisite dress,
 In the careless toilette of Lucile,—then too sad
 To care aught to her changeable beauty to add,—

Lord Alfred had never admired before !
Alas ! poor Lucile, in those weak days of yore,
Had neglected herself, never heeding nor thinking
(While the blossom and bloom of her beauty were shrinking)
That sorrow can beautify only the heart—
Not the face of a woman ; and can but impart
Its endearment to one that has suffer'd. In truth
Grief hath beauty for grief ; but gay youth loves gay youth.
The woman that now met, unshrinking his gaze,
Seem'd to bask in the silent but sumptuous haze
Of that soft second summer, more ripe than the first,
Which returns when the bud to the blossom hath burst
In despite of the stormiest April. Lucile
Had acquired that matchless unconscious appeal
To the homage which none but a churl would withhold—
That caressing and exquisite grace—never bold,
Ever present—which just a few women possess.
From a healthful repose, undisturb'd by the stress
Of unquiet emotions, her soft cheek had drawn
A freshness as pure as the twilight of dawn.
Her figure, though slight, and revived everywhere
The luxurious proportions of youth ; and her hair—
Once shorn as an offering to passionate love—
Now floated or rested redundant above
Her airy pure forehead, and throat gather'd loose,
Under which, by one violet knot, the profuse
Milk-white folds of a cool modest garment reposed,
Rippled faint by the breast they half hid, half disclosed,
And her simple attire thus in all things reveal'd
The fine art which so artfully all things conceal'd.

Repressing by a great effort a newly-awakened feeling of love
and admiration for Lucile, Lord Vargrave restores the letters,
parts from her, and avoiding the direct road, returns to Bigorre

by a circuitous and unfrequented path through the mountains. It happens that Lucile and a pleasure party from Serchon have taken this route for a day's excursion into the hills, and as a matter of course Lord Vargrave falls in with them on the way. The party are overtaken by a terrible storm magnificently described, and during the storm Lord Vargrave finds himself (of course by accident—these accidents *will* occur in the best regulated poems) alone with Lucile :—

“ See ! see !

Where the whirlwind hath striken and strangled yon tree !”
 She exclaim'd, ... “ like the passion that brings on its breath,
 To the being it embraces, destruction and death !
 Alfred Vargrave, the lightning is round you !”

“ Lucile !

I hear—I see—nought but yourself. I can feel
 Nothing here but your presence. My pride fights in vain
 With the truth that leaps from me. We two meet again
 'Neath yon terrible heaven that is watching above
 To avenge if I lie when I swear that I love,—
 And beneath yonder terrible heaven, at your feet,
 I humble my head and my heart. I entreat
 Your pardon, Lucile, for the past—I implore
 For the future your mercy—implore it with more
 Of passion than prayer ever breath'd. By the power
 Which invisibly touches us both in this hour,
 By the rights I have o'er you, Lucile, I demand”—
 “ The rights !” . . . said Lucile, and drew from him her hand
 “ Yes, the rights ! for what greater to man may belong
 Than the right to repair in the future the wrong
 To the past ? and the wrong I have done you, of yore,
 Hath bequeath'd to me all the sad right to restore,
 To retrieve, to amend ! I, who injured your life,

Urge the right to repair it, Lucile ! Be my wife,
My guide, my good angel, my all upon earth,
And accept, for the sake of what yet may give worth
To my life, its contrition !”

But notwithstanding the storm, her own feeling, and the passionate ardour of her old lover, Lucile is far too much mistress of herself to be regained so easily. They part, he returns to Bigorre, and receives there a letter from Lucile, reminding him of his allegiance to Miss D'Arcy, declaring in broken semi-coherent sentences which belie their intended meaning, her own indifference to him, and renouncing him for ever. It happens that Lucile has another lover, a Frenchman, the Duc de Luvois. Luvois has led a dissolute, reckless, pleasure-seeking life until he is corrected in the midst of his frivolity by the only serious feeling he has ever experienced—love for Lucile. Luvois' feelings for Lucile is in accordance with his character, a vehement overmastering passionate worship. He sees the meeting between Lucile and Vargrave, and with the quick intuition of jealousy he divines the truth. He forces an interview with Vargrave just as the latter has received the fatal letter from Lucile, and tries to force a quarrel with him. The moment is not propitious for his purpose. Vargrave is very little inclined to quarrel for Lucile, and while they are still disputing, Luvois receives a letter from Lucile, asking him to meet her at a lonely inn in the heart of the mountains. He parts from Vargrave, his heart swelling with anticipated triumph. Lucile has rejected Vargrave, and is about to accept him. Why otherwise should she ask him to meet her alone, at such an hour, in such a place ? This strange nocturnal interview between Luvois and Lucile is perhaps the most powerful piece of writing in the whole poem. Lucile has asked the Duke to meet her, in order that she may

soften, by confession and explanation, the final dismissal which she intends to give him. But it has the very opposite effect. Fascinated by her beauty, driven mad by the disappointment of his hopes, Luvois becomes a prey to a delirium of feeling which arouses at last the worst passion of his nature. The place is lonely, a fearful storm is raging outside, there is no one near to hear or to see, he might do *murder*, and who would be the wiser except himself?

At that minute

What pass'd through his mind, who shall say? Who may tell
The dark thoughts of man's heart which the red glare of hell
Can illumine alone?

He stared wildly around

That lone place, so lonely! that silence! no sound
Reach'd that room, through the dark evening air, save the dear
Drip and roar of the cataract ceaseless and near!
It was midnight all round on the weird silent weather;
- Deep midnight in him! They two,—lone and together,
Himself, and that woman defenceless before him!
The triumph and bliss of his rival flash o'er him.
The abyss of his own black despair seem'd to ope
And his feet, with that awful exclusion of hope
Which Dante read over the city of doom.
All the Tarquin pass'd into his soul in the gloom,
And, uttering words he dared never recall,
Words of insult and menace, he thunder'd down all
The brew'd storm-cloud within him: its flashes scorch'd blind
His own senses. His spirit was driven on the wind
Of a reckless emotion beyond his control;
A torrent seem'd loosen'd within him. His soul
Surged up from that caldron of passion that hiss'd
And seeth'd in his heart.

Lucile reads this terrible revelation in his eyes, and with a cold silent unflinching disdain, which chills him into inaction, withdraws unmolested from the room and the house. As the story progresses, the shadows deepen round it at every step. Three years are supposed to have passed away. The Countess has gone to India (where she was born), Vargrave has married Matilda, Miss D'Arcy, and Luvois has flung himself with reckless energy into the dissipation and frivolities of the most dissipated and frivolous Continental life. Without knowing why Matilda and Vargrave are becoming every day more and more estranged, the Countess returns from India, and by another accident Lucile, Luvois, Vargrave, and his wife meet at one of the gaming tables at Eins. They meet as if nothing had happened, and are frequent associates in the society of the place. Again Vargrave begins to feel reviving within him the old feeling for Lucile, and as chance brings them very frequently together, he devotes himself to her society more and more. The idea of a horrible revenge comes like an inspiration to Luvois to abuse Matilda's ear with the suspicions that her husband is too familiar with Lucile. Of course, there are no grounds for the infamous suspicion suggested by Luvois. The feeling between Lucile and Vargrave is of the purest kind, but Matilda watches the growing intimacy between them with eyes sharpened by jealousy, by the consciousness of alienation from her husband, and above all by his inuendoes, affected compassion, and admiration of Luvois. In an evil moment she sees her husband kissing Lucile's hand, withdraws herself into the solitude of the garden to give vent to her grief and rage, and is watched, pursued, and overtaken by Luvois. The tempter has found his opportunity, his time, and the hour of darkness. He appears to be on the point of succeeding, on the point of persuading Matilda that she ought to avenge the humiliation

which has been visited on her by eloping with him, when Lucile herself appears upon the scene.

And, so saying, the hand of Matilda she caught,
Wound one arm round her waist unresisted, and sought
Gently, softly, to draw her away from the spot.
The Duke stood confounded, and follow'd them not.
But not yet the house had they reach'd when Lucile
Her tender and delicate burden could feel
Sink and falter beside her. Oh, then she knelt down,
Flung her arms round Matilda, and press'd to her own
The poor bosom beating against her.

The moon,
Bright, breathless, and buoyant, and brim-full of June,
Floated up from the hill-side, sloped over the vale,
And poised herself loose in mid-heaven, with one pale
Minute, scintillesscent, and tremulous star
Swinging under her globe like a wizard-lit car,
Thus to each of those women revealing the face
Of the other. Each bore on her features the trace
Of a vivid emotion. A deep inward shame
The cheek of Matilda had flooded with flame.
With her enthusiastic emotion, Lucile
Trembled visibly yet ; for she could not but feel
That a heavenly hand was upon her that night,
And it touch'd her pure brow to a heavenly light.

After this the story develops into a new phase. Lucile departs no one knows whither. Vargrave finds himself suddenly ruined, and in mutual affliction and privation, the young husband and wife find a jewel more precious than the last fortune, the growth of really abiding love for each other. And with this the second part of the poem is brought to an end. An interval of twenty-

five years is supposed to have elapsed between the end of Part II. and the commencement of Part III. Part III. opens with a scene in the Crimea. The great siege is in progress. A young English officer, dangerously wounded, is lying in his tent, and a French Sister of Mercy is watching by his bed. The young English officer is Vargrave, son of Lord Vargrave and Matilda, and the Sister of Mercy is Lucile, now an old woman. She has nearly accomplished her mission on earth, but one last and supreme act of duty still remains. One of the chief commanders of the French, an Algerian veteran, is none other than her old rejected lover, Eugene de Luvois. It happens that young Vargrave has fallen hopelessly in love with Constance, niece of Luvois, and he is dying more from despair and tortured feeling than from the dangerous nature of his wound. Lucile seeks out Luvois, reveals herself to him, awakens his better nature to a sympathy for the sufferings of the son of his old enemy and rival, and induces him to visit young Vargrave in his tent and give his consent to his union with his niece. After this, Lucile disappears from the story, and the tale comes to an end. Vargrave and Luvois see her no more.

Nor shall we. For her mission, accomplish'd, is o'er.

The mission of genius on earth ! To uplift,

Purify, and confirm by its own gracious gift,

The world, in despite of the world's dull endeavour

To degrade, and drag down, and oppose it for ever.

The mission of genius : to watch, and to wait,

To renew, to redeem, and to regenerate.

The mission of woman on earth ! to give birth

To the mercy of heaven descending on earth.

The mission of woman : permitted to bruise

The head of the serpent, and sweetly infuse,

Through the sorrow and sin of earth's register'd curse,
The blessing which mitigates all : born to nurse,
And to soothe, and to solace, to help and to heal
The sick world that leans on her. This was *Lucile*.

The poem has faults both numerous and serious enough to impair very gravely its artistic completeness, as a whole. The straining after variety is carried somewhat too far, and as a story, the extravagant expenditure of time in which the author indulges, does much to destroy its interest. A poem like a play should deal with an episode, and not follow out a whole life from the cradle to the grave. But the power and beauty of *Lucile* are simply undeniable.

THE IMPERIAL BOUQUET

OF

PRETTY FLOWERS.

MATIN PRIME.

Scarce past is an hour of the matin prime
Since safe I was sitting in front of the mill ;
Where my first walk ever, this pure May time,
Under the beeches, and round by the rill,
'Twixt brawling ripple, and rustling bough,
Hath its wonted end, by the brook ; that, now
When the sweet birds sing together,
Carolling clear in the cool, comes down
From the breezy hills, and the sunburnt heather ;
Guided about to his goal unknown
By a glimmer of primrose buds new blown,
And their breath on the balmy weather.

LOST IN A FOREST.

I am lost in a forest whose glades expand
O'er me, before me, immense and dense ;
Where shadow and sighing sound profound
Pour into my spirit a sense intense
Of dimness and distance ; and, turning around
And around myself, I no further have got
Than the wheel of that mill, which, the more to confound
My confusion, I hear, tho' I see it not.

THE SNOW IS GONE,

The snow is gone ! but ye only
Know how good doth that good news sound,
Whose hearts, long buried and lonely,
Have been waiting, winter-bound,
For the voice of the wakening angel
To utter the welcome evangel,
" The snow is gone : re-arise,
And blossom as heretofore,
Hopes, imaginings, memories,
And joys of the days of yore !"

FABLES.

"Then," I said, "whatsoever they be
That I meet, as the chance may come,
If I speak to, and question, them all—
Bees that hover, and blossoms that hum ;
The beast of the field or the stall ;
The trees, leaves, rushes, and grasses ;
The rivulet, running away ;
The bird of the air, as it passes ;
Or the mountains, that motionless stay ;
And yet whose irremovable masses
Keep changing, as dreams do, all day ;
Will they answer me ? Tell me, O tell !
For, look you, I love them well."

THE OUTCAST.

Flung out of the field as soon as found there,
And banisht the garden, where should he stay ?
Wherever he roam'd, still Fortune frown'd there,
And, wherever he settled, spurn'd him away.
From place to place, had he wander'd long
The weary high road, parcht with thirst.

Or why so coldly shine, who shinest so brightly ?

O Beauty, woo'd and unpossessed,

O might I to this beating breast

But clasp thee once, and then die, blest !"

That Star her Poet's love,

So wildly warm, made human.

And, leaving for his sake her heaven above,

His Star stoop'd earthward, and became a Woman.

"Thou who hast woo'd and hast possessed,

My lover, answer, which was best,

The Star's beam, or the Woman's breast ?"

"I miss from heaven," the man replied,

"A light that drew my spirit to it."

And to the man the woman sigh'd,

"I miss from earth a poet."

DEVASTATION OF WAR.

A battery, posted in haste, at last,

On the brow of a hill in the foeman's flank,

Had decided the fate of the day. Fast, fast,

In many a broken and billowy rank

The bewilder'd rear of his battle fled.
But, rapid behind, like a rushing wind
That rattles with hail, to the lowland red
Down from the ridge of the smoky hill,
The cavalry clash'd in a clattering shower ;
Crushing the harvest, and chasing still
All that was left of a nation's power.
And wide it swept over the wasted plain,
That rapture of ruin, red in the glare
Of burning barns ; and the bolted rain
Sang thro' the blacken'd and sulphurous air,
As in storm it stream'd and subsided again ;
Till all was still save the far-off blare
Of a ghostly bugle, echoing chill ;
Whose echoes, heard by the yet unslain
O'er leagues of litter, from hill to hill
Proclaim'd that the hurly-burly was done
A kingdom lost and a kingdom won !

THE DYING GUNNER.

A wounded gunner unheeded lay ;
By a random shell, that had near him burst,

His feet were shatter'd and shorn away.
His lips were baked by a burning thirst,
On his limbs did the icy ague prey :
The yet smouldering brand in his frozen hand
He grasp'd ; and follow'd, with eyes aflame,
The far-off blaze, that greeted his gaze
With the deadly effect of his life's last aim.
Not a word had he heard
Of the talk around him.
He died. And, with pride
In death dealt, death crown'd him.
Pain's parcht furrows placidly glided
Out of his weather-beaten face ;
But a silent smile of triumph slid,
Under death's hovering hand, in their place ;
And death, for a sign, congeal'd it there,
Stern, and fair.

BALL, CANNON, POWDER, AND MATCH.

How that bronze tube, round which erewhile
This discussion was carried so high,
Mock'd, as it listen'd, and said with a smile,

"Men boast, but the victor am I!"
"Thou?" growl'd the Cannon Ball—"thou! is it thou
Who didst level yon walls with the plain,
Mowing down men, as the harvesters mow
Hollow paths thro' the thick of the grain?
Braggart! 'tis I who alone can do this.
'Tis the brush of my brazen orb bursts wide
War's mason'd masses!"—Whereto, with a hiss,
"Silence, blockhead!" the Powder replied.
"On the arsenal floor had'st thou rested still,
Were it not for me who thy wings provide.
And thou art but the deed: it is I am the will."
But, as thus he mutter'd, with surly pride,
"Vagabond!" scornfully splutter'd the Match,
"Boast not thou in thy master's presence!
Ball, Cannon, and Powder,—inert batch
Of base stuff, stirr'd by my quickening essence,—
The Fire am I, and my slaves are ye.
He, whose vitals a vulture tore,
Well was he 'ware of the worth of me,
When from heaven he stole, in the days of yore,
The spark that in my Promethean wand

Yet glows with the heat of a god's invention."

RAIN.

Lo, with my little drops, I bless again
And beautify the fields which thou didst blast !
Rend, wither, waste, and ruin, what thou wilt,
But call not Greatness what the gods call Guilt.
Blossoms and grass from blood in battle spilt,
And popped corn, I bring.
'Mid mouldering Babels, to Oblivion built,
My violets spring.
Little by little, my small drops have strength
To deck with green delights the grateful earth :
Little by little, to large seas at length
Small springs give birth.

LITTLE THINGS.

By little things the growing world grows great,
And of great doings rests but little done :
From little fibres in the loom of Fate
Time's robe is spun :
Small are the cymbals that, when clasht, proclaim

The march of Force : from shafts of tiny stature
Co-operant atoms build the crystal frame
Of mighty Nature.

By little ducts Thought's widening river runs
Thro' nerve and brain, yet fills the ages vast,
And even the secret of the central suns
Invades at last :

In little waves light leaps from star to star :
Small pencils paint the welkin's azure pall :
And small life's primal universes are,
Yet they are all.

FROST.

If aught in nature be unnatural,

It is the slaying by a springtide frost
Of Spring's own children : cheated blossoms all,
Betray'd i' the birth, and born for burial

Of budding promise, scarce beloved ere lost !
Once, in the silence of a clear Spring night,
This still, cold-footed Frost, with footstep light
Slid thro' the tepid season, like a ghost

Wrapt in thin white.

Flitting, he smote the first-born of the year,

And, ere the break of day, their pretty buds were sere.

THE OAK FLOWER.

Blossom of almond, blossom of peach :
Impatient children, with hearts unsteady,
So young, and yet more precocious each
Than the leaves of the Summer, and blushing already.
These perish'd, because too soon they lived ;
But the oak flower, prudent and proud, survived.
“ If the the sun would win me,” she thought, “ he must
Wait for me, wooing me warmly the while ;
For a flower's a fool, if a flower would trust
Her whole sweet being to one first smile.”

HUMAN GREATNESS

When the great gods, grown jealous of great men,
Great vengeance take on human greatness ; when
One grandeur to another, grander still,
Succumbs ; when the Divinity, whose will
Goads man with agony, doth not disdain
To beautify the expression of man's pain ;
When he, who doth with equal power inspire
The harmonious strings of the delightful lyre

And the fell serpent fangs of Tenedos,
Is King Apollo ; then, with loss on loss,
Albeit the waves of blind Oblivion
Wash out wide empires as they wander on,
Tho' slowly over temple, tower, and town,
Grow green the grass of Lethe's drowsy down,
And the dull weed of dark Forgetfulness
Round 'spotless statues its accurst caress
Do creeping wind,—yet this the gods vouchsafe :
If from the deep men save one wandering waif
Of wrecks that once immortal shapes have borne,
Still of some grace divine not all forlorn
Men's lives are left. One fragment, if no more,
Of those great forms great thoughts have fill'd of yore,
Suffices Beauty to reveal her will,
Marr'd, murder'd, buried, but triumphant still !

A DEDICATION.

Fair soul, that o'er mine own dost shine
So fair, so far above,
Dear heart, that hast so close to mine
The home of thy true love :

Be thine these songs of Far and Near !

Two worlds their sources are :

Each makes the other doubly dear,

The near one and the far.

THE EVERLASTING HILLS.

But if such folks could understand

The mountains, there on every hand

They'd find about them more, far more,

Than notes of admiration, score

On score, suffice for. Think, what lands

And peoples every peak commands !

Then find the statesman that knows how

To govern one land. As for two,

That task's beyond the best, we feel.

Now, had we, like the hills, to deal

With winds, and storms, and clouds, and snows,

Nor lose our dignified repose,

Who'd wonder why the hills abound

In thoughts so serious, so profound,

About what men, when met together,

Talk, without thinking, of—the weather ? •

But still to talk it is men's wont,
Both when they think and when they don't.
Ah, good old hills ! If Majesty
Should, some day hence, be forced to fly
From all her other thrones on earth,
'Tis there, with you, who gave her birth,
That she her latest home would find,
Above, but still *among*, mankind !"

HUMAN WISHES.

O heavenly power of human wishes !
For as wings to birds, and as fins to fishes,
Are a man's desires to the soul of a man.
'Tis by these, and by these alone, it can
Wander at will thro' its native sphere
Where the beauty that's far is the bliss that is near.

THE NEAR AND THE FAR.

"As the waves that are clad in the azure of ocean,
So clad in the azure of heaven are we.
As thou movest, we move, with an unseen motion ;
And, where thou followest, there we flee.

For the children of Never and Ever we are,
And our home is Beyond, and our name is Afar.

“ Never to us shall thy steps attain,
Nor ever to thee may we draw nearer.
But, if fair in thy vision our forms remain,
Still love us, the further we are, the dearer,
And be thou ours, as thine we are,
For what were the near, were it not for the far ?
“ Look above, and below—to the heaven, the plain !
The low and the level, they disappear.
The aloof and the lofty alone remain,
And, for ever present tho’ never near,
Whilst ours are the summit, the sky, and the star,
Still thine is the beauty of all that we are.”

A LITTLE CHILD.

A little child, scarce five years old,
And blithe as bird on bough ;
A little maiden, bright as gold,
And pure as new-fall’n snow.
Things seen, to her, are things unknown :

Things near are far away :
The neighbouring hamlet, next our own,
As distant as Cathay !

Far things, which we nor feel, nor see,
To her seem close and clear.
In yon blue sky God's guardian eye
She feels, and feels it near.

What need hath she, our world should be
So wondrous wide and far ?
Such worlds unknown are all her own,
And every world a star !

THE NEAR.

It is that, small and homely though it be,
This ear of wheat so homely and so small,
Because it is so near, so near to me,
Hath size enough and power to cover all.
It leans along full twenty leagues of land,
And hides them with a straw. The purple hills
Peer through its hoary panicle. The grand
Horizon's azure orb one wheat-stem fills.

Kindly perspective ! Little things close by
Exceed great things remote : for Nature's art
Brings vision to a centre in the eye,
Affection to a centre in the heart.
And, were it not so, light and love would be
Lost wanderers ; and the universal frame
A heap of fragments ; and the force to see,
The force to feel, mere force without an aim.

NEAR ONES.

O near ones, dear ones ! you, in whose right hands
Our own rests calm ; whose faithful hearts all day
Wide open wait till back from distant lands
Thought, the tired traveller, wends his homeward way!
Helpmates and hearthmates, gladdeners of gone years,
Tender companions of our serious days,
Who colour with your kisses, smiles, and tears
Life's warm web woven over wonted ways,
Young children, and old neighbours, and old friends,
Old servants—you, whose smiling circle small
Grows slowly smaller till at last it ends

Where in one grave is room enough for all,
O shut the world out from the heart you cheer !
Tho' small the circle of your smiles may be,
The world is distant, and your smiles are near.
This makes you more than all the world to me.

THE ASS.

An ass his feelings has.
And the feelings of this ass, alas !
Were wounded.
He said, tossing his head,
(And the scorn his speech betray'd, loud bray'd,
Resounded)
" Hee ! haw !
Lighter than straw
On the wind, fools run
After what glitters. The taste of the day !
Sound worth they shun,
Their praises give to the sun's display,
And to me give none.
Ungrateful and frivolous fools, I say !
For, if I were the sun, they would flatter me, they

Who all fly me now. Yet, if I were the sun,
What could I do for them more, I pray,
~~Than, being~~ an ass, I already have done ?
I should simply have nothing to do but to shine—
Shine, or be seen, 'twould be all as one :
And no great merit in that, I opine,
If one happens to be the sun."

FALSE FRIENDS.

The troop
Of those " great makers of great protestations"
The world calls friends.

A MISANTHROPE.

This hater of mankind
Walking alone along the windy wold
One morning, spied a falcon in the wind,
That chased a skylark. And the skylark fled
For shelter to the bosom of the man.
Who, muttering " Miserable little bird,
I give thee what to me none ever gave,"
His cloak unclasp'd, and to the bird vouchsafed

Welcome in woe and shelter from distress.

SPRING.

Longer wax'd the days
And the nights warmer : till a tremor ran,
Preluding the revival of the year,
Along the leafless boughs. And, ere it pass'd,
Lo you ! like love, that changes life, all round,
Above, beneath, the Spring was everywhere ;
Troubling the sleep of Nature with mad hopes.
All things of joy and beauty, long repress,
Broke out in revel, riotously sure
Of May's delirious promise. From whose mirth,
Pelted with buds, the frowning Winter wrapp'd
His white robe round him, like a minister
Disgraced, that from the uprisen people runs,
And fled, barefooted.

MISFORTUNES SOON FORGOTTEN.

Out on time !

Doth Memory carve the records of Mischance
With such a careless or a clumsy hand . •

That, ere the lazy creeping ivy-twine
Hath time to lace her latest epitaph,
It fades away? Ah, were her warning words
But graved on granite, the insensible stone
Would keep unblunted all their biting truths :
But she confides them to the tender stuff
That hearts are made of; and the hot blood there,
Born for betrayal, heals old hurts in haste,
Lest the scarr'd nerve, grown callous, miss the smart
Of sufferings yet in store.

LIBERTY.

Heart-breaking Liberty !
If we be strong, with stronger than ourselves
Thou dost confront us : and, if weak we be,
In vain thy gifts thou givest us. Yet ah,
Safe-shelter'd from thy harsh embrace, we droop,
And find no joy wherever thou art not.

FORTUNE.

"Nay," said the lad, "that's more, sirs, than I know.
She bade me say her way lies here and there,

And it is yours to find her."

FABLE LAND.

Staff in hand,
And nose in air, I roam thro' Fable Land ;
And sniff the passing wind, and tap the ground,
Ready to seize on all that's to be found ;
Keen as a sportsman who, with bag and gun,
In search of game goes beating, one by one,
The bushes all. My prey escapes me not.

THE WIND.

The wind, that gossip so indiscreet
(The confidant of the unconfiding)
Ever at eve, when the high day's heat
Was calm'd and cool'd, thro' her branches gliding,
Whisper'd low to the listening wood
Secrets, echo'd from tree to tree,
Yet by none of his listeners understood ;
For the pleasure alone, as it seem'd to be,
Of betraying the trust received from many,
Without wrong done to the faith of any.

REPOSE.

Fly to the Forest, weary one !
For there is the City of Refuge fair,
Where Silence and Repose,
Two lovers banisht the earth elsewhere,
Dwell safe from a world of foes.

A WISH.

I would that a wandering cloud were I !
To follow the sun o'er the azure deep,
And catch the last kiss of the dying day,
And bear in my bosom the moon asleep !
With the winds of summer to sport and play,
With the snows of winter from steep to steep,
Wrapt in a mystical mantle grey,
To mount and pause o'er the world, and peep
At my pictured self in the pools, and stray
Over wide waters and over broad downs,
Windy sea-beaches and turreted towns,
Clothing myself in all hues that be,
And taking all forms that seem fair to me
To dream, and create what I dream of, too ;

Float, a white feather thro' fathomless blue ;
Fly, a wing'd dragon, with plumage of flame
Lurid and purple, strange news to proclaim
Of the Storm that is plotting to levy wild war
On the pines, whose tall people his progress bar.
Then bathe, a bright naiad, at eve, bosom bare,
All rosy with rapture, in wells of warm air
By the waves of the sunset bequeath'd as they sink,
For the baths of my beauty, on Ocean's brink ;
And thro' moonlight and midnight to melt out of sight
In the depths of the heavens like a dream of delight !
Ah ! dream of delight that dissolves even now !
For, fasten'd here to the earth below,
My fingers clutch but the sordid ground
To whose chill lap is my sad life bound.
Lost in the crowd of my neighbours, far
Lonelier thus than the lonely are !
Divining all, and beholding naught
Save that which escapeth as soon as sought ;
Seeing only the clouds sail by,
Hearing only the stray winds sigh,
Embracing those that, embraced in vain,
With a careless chirrup depart again.
Wretchedest life ! ah, when will it end ?

SIC ITUR.

Follow, O follow with regretful gaze
Those waning orbs that float and fade between
The earth and heaven, i' the void where nothing stays,
Clouding heaven's azure, shadowing earth's green !
Desires disbodied. Phantoms. Promises,
Fraudulent promises which Life hath given
And Death pretends to keep. Souls of dead days,
Hopes of lost hours : that fade 'twixt earth and heaven
We rake the ashes that you leave behind,
The sole realities that rest of you,
And there still beggar'd Memory seeks to find
The gold false Hope to feed his sorceries threw.
But even these, some day, the hankering wind
Will scatter in the void, between the blue.
We take for heaven, the green that once was earth—
Death's silent answers to the cries of birth !

MAN.

Man is what I call
The greatest paradox in all creation,
And I can give no other explanation.

One thing he thinks, and does another thing :
Makes money, saves it, and, when saved, doth fling
His money out o'window : ne'er hath found
His best friends out till they lay underground :
Only consults his health when it is gone :
And if he values virtue, I, for one,
Believe he does so simply for the sake
Of vice, which virtue doth by contrast make
More to his taste. *For all his folly flows
From that one drop of wisdom Heaven bestows
In mockery on him for no use at all.
He boasts his elevation in his fall ;
And still, the lower that he lies, the more
He deems his natural place was high before.
Height measures he by depth, seeks peace in strife,
And calls all this the Poetry of Life.

THE GOOD MAN.

Pale is his forehead and pure,
Deep is the fathomless eye
Fixt on that source of a light
Fading away from its gaze.

Solemn and sweet is the face,
Saintly the mien of that man,
Even as one that regards
Calmly the coming of calm.
Brother, to-night he will die.
Die, when yon sun shall have set,
Die, and the life he hath lived,
Beauteous and bright as the sun,
Shall, with the sun, pass away.
All hath that man in himself :
All, and he knows what he hath :
Knows it, and asks for no more.
He is himself his reward.

GENIUS.

Man, it was, named the creation.
What was the name of it, think you,
Ere man himself had a name ?
Here is the Thought that created
Finding itself in creation,
Feeling and knowing itself,
And in that knowledge rejoicing.

GENIUS men call it on earth.

WATER.

The water flows, and it never stops.

And the water is many, although it is one :
One made up of innumerable drops,
Each with a life to itself alone.

And the life of them all is the life of the sea ;
Which is but a drop no longer single,
When, being socially-minded, he
With his brother drops doth move and mingle.

MINERAL SPRINGS.

But, in course of time, their due probation o'er,
Each to the rank of a mineral source
Promotion gain'd ; and gather'd store
Of mineral salt and mineral ore ;
Purgative, stimulant, sedative, tonic ;
Then, travelling about on their own account
With sulphur, or iron, or acid carbonic,
They founded many a famous fount,
Made their fortunes, and all fared well, .

At Carlsbad, Vichy, or Aix la Chapelle.

CHILD OF ETERNITY.

Child of Eternity, despair not thou !
Unenvying, tho' despised, let others wear
The flaunting robe, and deck the boastful brow
With the brief diadems of summer days,
Soon scatter'd by the wind. Do thou resign
To those that seek it Earth's near-sighted praise,
Born to reflect Heaven's distances divine !
Measure thy being's depth by the sublime
Celestial and immeasurable height
Of what is imaged in it. Here, in Time,
(Brief if it be, tho' brief yet infinite)
Their hour of consciousness arrives at last
To all the children of Eternity,
Once always, if once only. Thou, too, hast
Thy destined hour.

THE RIGHTEOUS CHAMPION'S WEAPON.

Doubter ! learn, then, and understand

There is everywhere, ever, a stone at hand
For the arm that is seeking the means of death.
A philosopher said, and this fabulist saith,
Nature adapts to the use of her lord
The implements that she forges Sword
And shield lack never where'er there be
A soldier ready to use them. He
Who, having a cause for which to fight,
Hath also courage and will to smite,
Finds waiting for him in pebble or reed
Just such a weapon as serves his need.

WINTER-TIDE.

It was the splendid winter-tide.
And all the land was thrilling white,
And all the air was still and bright
With a solemn and songless sunshine wide,
Whose gorgeous uncongenial light
Harden'd whatever it glorified.

THE CHILD'S LOST TREASURE.

Where daily the redbreasts begging came,
Noticed a glittering icicle

That flash'd in the sun like a frozen flame.
So, plucking it off, he seized and put it
Into a box of gilded paper.
There, to be treasured for ever, shut it,
Danced about it with shout and caper,
And then, as a child will do, forgot it.
Then away in a hurry the small feet trot,
Yet pause : for that icicle, first forgot,
And then remember'd all in a minute,
It were surely a pity to leave behind one.
So the treasure-box, with the treasure in it,
Their tiny treasurer carries away,
But ah, what sorrowful change is this
In the box where safely the bright gem lay
Erewhile, a secretly-beaming bliss
To beautify many a winter's day ?
For, drop by drop, is the drench'd box dripping,
And the gilded paper is all undone,
And, away in a shower of warm tears slipping,
The deceitful treasure is well-nigh gone.

THE OLD MAN'S TREASURES.

From book-shelves dark, and dusty papers piled,

Old thoughts, old memories of the days of old,
Which lurk'd about that old room everywhere,
Hidden in many a curtain's quiet fold,
Panel, or picture-frame, or carven chair,
All silent, in the silence, one by one,
Came from between the long-unlookt-at leaves
Of old books; rose up from the old hearthstone;
Descended from the old roof's oaken eaves;
Laid spectral hand in hand by twos and threes,
And then by tens and twenties; circled dim
Around the old man.

ALL THINGS FLEETING.

For all departs at last. Ay, even the thought
Of what hath been. Sunbeam and icicle,
Childhood and age! The joys of childhood perish
Before the heats of manhood; manhood's heats
Before the chills of age. Whate'er ye cherish,
As whatsoc'er ye suffer, fades and fleets.
What goes not with the heat, goes with the cold.
For all that comes, goes also. What ye call
Life, is no more than dyings manifold. .

All changes, all departs, all ends. All, all !

SUBORDINATES.

They whose daily business is but to obey
 Must not be suffer'd to exact from those
 Who haply rule the house,—or rule the State,—
 Attention to their feelings or their fate.

For what, if some get blows,
 While some are pusht on pleasantly ? They are
 Tools to be used, with no particular
 Consideration for the private feeling
 Of either implement—though this, rough-handled,
 Mops the drench'd flint—that, delicately dandled,
 Brushes the gilded ceiling,
 Fares soft, rests oft, and wears a plummy crown ;
 Whilst, soon worn out, the drudging mop is thrown
 To rot, at last, behind the scullery door.
 Little do those that use them care, I ween,
 For broom or mop, who care but to sweep clean
 The ceiling and the floor.

THE MYSTIC IMPULSE WITHIN US. .

When the inner voice I hear in me,

Prompt obedience I render to it,
But I cannot provoke it. The voice is free
As the inspiration of seer or poet.
Thro' all my being I know not how,
But I *feel* the mystic impulse run
Which mingles my life (this much I know)
With the life of the mighty world. The sun,
The moon, and stars, and the lands and seas,—
In all, doth the Spirit of Nature lurk.
And I, whose soul is made one with these,
By that Spirit am waked for my wondrous work.
He liveth in all, and he liveth in me,
That unseen Spirit : and only he
Knoweth the secret, and giveth the word.

MECHANICS.

Fellow-labourers !—Slaves we be,
But we should be lords, if our rights had we.
For the rights refused to the toiling sons
Of Iron and Steel are legitimate ones ;
And the fact I assert, I can prove in a word.
Who was it conquer'd the world ? The Sword.

Moreover, who feed it and nourish it now ?
The Spade and the Harrow, the Sickle and Plough,
And Brother Mechanics, I say without scruple,
Ours are the skill and the strength that centuple
Whatever mere handwork alone can achieve.
Is it fair, then, I ask, that we never receive
The acknowledgment due to the work we do ?

THIRST FOR THE UNKNOWN.

What is the unknown ? Desire's sole resting-place.
A certain restless runner in life's race
Having o'errun the world by many ways,
And seen in many lands what men most praise,
Tombs, temples, places, schools, senates, marts ;
Yet scorning all these in his heart of hearts,
Set out with an unsatiated soul
To seek, thro' lands unknown, the northern pole.

FISH OUT OF WATER.

For fishes out of water, what are they ?
Neither flesh, fowl, nor fish !
They from their natural element ascend,
Drawn by a hook : at the hook's end, a string :

At the string's end a rod : at the rod's end
Death. And the quivering
Thou takest for the thrill of inspiration,
Is but the agony of idiots hook'd,
The victims of their own imagination,
Fished-for, and caught,—then cook'd.

A CORPSE.

White features, warp'd by withering pain :
Cold scum that clots each livid lip :
Both fists fierce clench'd, and clench'd in vain,
By conflict with Death's stifling grip :
Mouth gaping : eyes wide open, wan,
And callous to the crawling flies :
The crumpled ruin of a man
Dead on the common crossway lies.

HOLY CALM.

O holy calm, like silver dew's that slide
Down from the starry bosom of the night,
Soothing his soul whose sight thy beauty blesses !
Beautiful flower, that from the lone hill-side

Hangest thy fair head in the languid light
Of evening winds that wave thy young green tresses !
Hail happy innocence ! In contemplation
Of thy serene composure let me find
Asylum from the doubt, the indignation,
The pang, the horror, that yet haunt my mind !
O help me, heal me, vision pure and calm !
Chase hence the sickening fancies that yet cling
To this bewilder'd brain, and pour the balm
Of thy benignant beauty over all
These troubled pulses ! Ah, how quieting,
How full of calm persuasion still and clear,
Thine influence steals upon me, augural
Of doubt explain'd, strife reconciled, and fear
Forgotten ! Holy all within me grows,
And silent ; as in yon sweet heaven above,
Thro' whose hush'd air the tender stars, that tremble
Where yet the rosy sunset fading glows,
Like saintly thoughts that visit virgin love,
From deeps divine their quiet lights assemble.

CONSCIENCE.

All ways but one
Lie open to man's heart : and foe or friend

May walk them by whatever name he bear,
Love, Pride, Ambition, Envy, Anger, Hate.
Each road is free : and each the road may wend
Unchallenged till he reach the guarded gate
Where Conscience on the watch bids each declare
His purpose. Well that fool deserves his fate
Whose conscience leaves his heart unguarded there.

BEAUTY.

Nor can thy curse, thy blessing, or thy prayer,
Make me aught else. Go to. Need Beauty die
Because men curse her ? blush because they bless ?
Fool, fair is fair, and neither more nor less.
And, if I name myself what harm to me ?
If my form please thee, need my name appal thee ?
Yet, if I name myself, what good to thee ?
No curse my name contains that can befall me,
Nor any good that can to thee befall.
Nor have I any care how fools may call me,
So long as fools they be. Fools are they all.
And fools they will be, all of them the same,
So long as BELLA DONNA is my name !

CUSTOM'S SLAVES.

I know them all : and, knowing all they are,
Know all they are not. Custom's slaves ! content
To crawl about in search of food, and sleep,
And crawl about again in search of food ;
To squat in frowzy holes and hatch to life
Dull reproductions of the lifelessness
Of their own dulness ; sloth for rest mistaking,
And stupefaction for serenity ;
Sleeplike, to mimic death, till death itself
Death's imitation stops, and there an end !
Thus lose they all the lives they never lived.

STARS.

Say, what is't ye roll,
Night-wanderers mute, in mystic vapour veil'd,
That linger laden on the lone hill-tops,
And pass, like sorrows with a tale untold ?

WHENCE ? WHEREFORE ? WHITHER ?

All round the rolling orb, from life's first wail
On infant lips to griefs that look their last

Thro' dying eyes, the hunted question runs,
Whence ? wherefore ? whither ? Is it not enough,
This rich metropolis of sense, this throng'd
Majestic theatre on whose orb'd stage
Force acts forever ? Is it not enough
Without a second ? not enough, when full
To overflowing is the costly cup
Of infinite sensation ? Up and down,
And all sides round, is this receptacle
Of feeling fill'd : and yet for evermore
The soul, uplifted on each rising wave,
Perceives a still-receding bliss beyond ;
And each horizon reach'd, in turn, reveals
Another and another.

BEAUTIES OF NATURE.

Look forth ! The world is round thee. Boldly lift
Thy gaze o'er yonder summits whose intense
Keen frozen facets cut the crystal air.
The glacier glitters from afar, behold !
Deep down, the forest welters. Deeper still
Long many-coloured lowlands, field and fold, .

Glimmer. And hark, the rushing of the rill !
When to his rest the sun thro' heaven is roll'd
He finds not where his kingly head to lay
Save on the orbèd sea's dark bosom cold,
Or 'twixt these solitary peaks that stay
The struggling clouds. There, propt on billowy gold,
He ponders, smiling, till he sinks away,
Creative projects, and on each and all
Some parting gift, or promise sweet, bestows,
Love decks the lowly : grace redeems the small
In glorious colour clothed, the naked glows :
Mantled and crown'd upon the mountains tall
Sits contemplative Grandeur : grave Repose
Finds in green glens fit haunts of shadowy air :
Blithe Plenty builds her dwelling on the plain :
The vales are for Enjoyment. Everywhere
The gracious Sun hath some divine domain
Created for his countless children fair.
Young Morn, his minstrel, makes him music. Noon,
His ardent minister, with sultry brow,
Hums hot and zealous. Like a mid-day moon
Pale from the mountains fades the sky-born snow,

Lost in the life of leaping rivulets
Eve loves him best. She blushes, and is still.
And when he leaves her with soft tears she wets
The flowers he kiss'd. Night peers from hill to hill
And darkens with despair, not finding him ;
Then lights her watchful stars, and waits—in vain,
• For die she must before he comes again.

THE DESERT.

But oh, what was it, land or sea,
Or both, or neither, under me,
That floating in the sunrise lay ?
A solid sea of sliding sand,
A waving waste of liquid land,
Light blown by winds that leafless be
Up yellow bays where blooms no tree
And grows no grass, it seem'd.
And there, in vast and vivid light
By burning ardours bathed the bright
Unbroken Desert dream'd.
How softly, how stealthily still,
Did the pure sun over it peer !

Not a rustle of leaf or of rill,
Not an echo of pastoral cheer !
But the earth and the sky, with a burning sigh,
Embracing, became as one.
For bare was the heaven, as the desert, and even
The desert shone like the sun.

INFLUENCE OF THE SUN.

Now look forth o'er the numberless host of the hills,
And behold, in its glory and grace
What the sun hath accomplish'd. His influence fills
All the throbbing abysses of space.
He his force hath embodied in forms without end,
And his will in his work is set forth.
Earth and water and air with each other contend
To interpret and publish his worth.
In the great, in the small, from the depth to the height,
Thrills the pulse of his procreant powers.
He beheld the world dark, and hath bathed it in light,
Found Earth naked, and clothed her with flowers.

FANCY.

This comes and goes ; but never comes it sought.

And when it comes, it brings its own expression :
Now check'd and struggling with tumultuous thought,
Now pour'd melodious forth in full procession,
And now again to burning rapture wrought,
But always *true*. For this no rule holds good,
And no receipt for this avails thee aught.
But as when, smooth along the lucid flood,
Reflected flocks of snowy swans come swimming,
So swim the mystic forms without endeavour
Into the soul ; and round about them, rimming
Each radiant image, restless circles quiver.
Swift close the flashing furrows unawares
Along their liquid paths. For flowing ever
Is that unfathom'd element which bears
The floating bark by Fancy built. And never,
O never, may'st thou bind the labour'd bond
Of finite speech or forms by Fancy seen !
For, soon as seen, they fade. Far, far beyond
Thine eager grasp the sweet shapes glide serene,
Ere yet from off each fleeting forehead fair
Hath Passion pluckt the visionary veil
That, robing, best reveals, their beauty rare.

STUPIDITY.

Stupidity is always obstinate !
But surely they, whose stock of wits is small,
Do well to grasp it with resolved rigidity ;
For, if a man be stupid, no endeavour
Upon your part to break down the stolidity
His instinct builds about him like a wall
Can, even if successful, make him clever ;
And, if you take from him his own stupidity,
You leave him nothing of his own at all.

CONFLICTING VIRTUES.

What's Charm ? The bird. And what is Grace ' The cat
What is Fidelity ? The dog. I know
(And I confess that I am grieved thereat)
These creatures eat each other. But even so
Conflicting virtues live in man ; no less
Discordantly than cat and dog together ;
Striving each other's merits to suppress.
Grace, if she catch it, leaves not Charm a feather,
Whilst she herself, unless she can contrive
To scratch his eyes out, by Fidelity

Is maul'd to death, or merely left alive
A wreck of bones. Can Prejudice say why ?

THE ROCK.

For ages standing, still for ages stood
(To stand and to withstand was all his care)
A Rock : whose feet were in the unfathom'd flood,
His forehead in the illimitable air.
Upon his brow the centuries beat,
And left it, as they found it, bare ;
The rolling waters round his feet
Roll'd, and roll'd elsewhere.
And those cold feet of his the fawning waves
Lick'd, slave-like, ever with a furtive sigh ;
Save when at times they rose, and (still like slaves)
In rebel scum, with insubordinate cry,
Strove, and, tho' fiercely, strove in vain
To drag down him that stood so high ;
Then fell ; and at his feet again
Fawn'd—with a furtive sigh.

SUNRISE.

The sunrise, bearing tribute, all night long

Travell'd the globe, and brought them eastern gold
Daily at earliest dawn.

THE CLAY.

And to himself the Clay said—Trodden down,
Here in abasement must I bear their scorn
Who, glittering with a glory not their own,
Boast of the accident of being born
In lofty station ? Fashion'd were we both
Of the same substance, gender'd from the womb
Of the same mother ; and shall theirs, forsooth,
Be all the glory, and all mine the gloom ?
'Twere better not to be, than to be thus,
Earth's common footstool. Better not to live
Than to live under lorddom tyrannous,
Strong to endure, but impotent to strive !

SOVEREIGNTY OF MAN.

Time pass'd. Man appear'd,
And laid his hand on Nature. For his bread
The glebe was harrow'd, and the forest clear'd.
He turn'd, and tamed, the torrent to his will :

Bridged the broad river, fell'd the flourishing oak :
Groped in the granite bowels of the hill

For hidden ore : and rent with flame and smoke
The ribs of royal mountains. Down they came,
Shorn by the saw, and measured by the rod,
To build man's palaces, and bear his name
• Carved in their flesh. • The earth had a new god.

THE HUMAN BODY FRAIL.

Behold ! Already runs the gaping fissure straight
From head to heel. For all thy boasting bold,
Thy tottering limbs can scarce support the weight
Of thy flaw'd body ; and thy flimsy flesh
Hastily put together, may not long
Uphold thy silly head. Some crevice fresh
Is daily widening those loose clods among.

PUBLIC MEETINGS.

And there 'twas sad to hear how things had lapsed of late
From bad to worse, and so degenerate were
That now the greatest rascals were the great.
In fact the talk was such as everywhere,

Is heard at public meetings nowadays,
Where those who give most censure get most praise.

THE APE AS PUBLIC SPEAKER.

An Ape, much cheer'd (he chatter'd like a man)
Denounced the weakness of the government.
"Where shall we find true valour?" he began.
"Not in the craven crew we are content
To call our leaders. Let him lead who can!
Old kingdoms tempt new conquerors. Prevent
The impending ruin of this empire old!
Tho' big, the brutes that lead us are not bold.

TRUE VALOUR.

True Valour flies not, tho' the foe be strong,
Nor works, by force or fraud, another's wrong;
True Valour neither seeks nor shuns to fight.
Be his the royal crown, and his alone,
* In whom true Valour doth those gifts unite
Which guard a nation and endear a throne.

THE PARROT PHILOSOPHER.

Seldom he spake. Much given to thought he seem'd,

No public office had he ever held ;
But, when he oped his beak, all listeners deem'd
That they had heard an oracle of eld.
Sedate his mien ; and all his language teem'd
With sage enigmas : none its meaning spell'd :
All praised it more for that. So judgments go.
Omne ignotum pro magnifico !
Yet was this Parrot (the plain truth to own)
At bottom an imposter, rake, and knave ;
Who in himself had selfishly lived down
That love of freedom born in bosoms brave ;
Which he regarded as the cause and crown
Of all the ills that mortal life enslave.
“ For what’s life worth,” he thought, “ if day by day
The worth of life wear life itself away ?
The tree that’s not contented to be wood
Doth all its strength to its own damage put,
In bringing forth what brings the tree no good ;
Since others pluck the apple and the nut,
And each fool’s toil but turns him into food
For other mouths, whose greed its gettings glut.
Why plague one’s soul, a plaguy world to please ?

Life's only fruit worth growing is life's ease."

REPUBLICISM.

And he had been
In France, where things worth seeing he had seen :
Republics one and indivisible,
But more than one, and all divided ; ending
In master-strokes of state, whereby they fell ;
And empires that were peace, on war depending ;
And constitutions that for shot and shell
Were constituted marks, when past all mending ;
Cooks, captains, orators, mobs, proclamations,
And demi-worlds for demi-reputations.

TRUE MERIT.

The bravest of the brave, whose name ye ask,
Retired he dwells, in that obscurity
Which oft-times wraps the unrequited task
True Merit ever is content to ply.
For Fame is but a hollow-sounding mask
Which to the crowd réechoes its own voice,
And thence comes praise or blame, by chance, not choice.

Retired he dwells : remote, serene, alone ;
Firm as the far-off rock where he abides :
Calm, tho' around him stormy waters roll :
No base ambition in his soul resides :
By force or fraud, he wrongs not any one.
Yet never, never, whatsoe'er betides,
• Doth flinch a hair's-breadth from the fiercest foe.

DEPARTED GREATNESS.

Delicious homage of a dear dismay
Paid to the happy, when they pass away,
By grief not theirs ! Beneath him, prostrate, lies
A world that worships him ; and everywhere
Therein he finds some record rich and fair
Of his own power. He sinks : and wistful eyes
His pathway follow to its glorious bourn.
He sinks : and longing voices sigh " Return !"
He passes : but he hath not pass'd in vain.
He passes, proving by life's loss its gain,
And bearing with him what he leaves behind.
He goes : rejoicing, " All that I have given
Memory makes mine again, and makes it even

Mine more completely than before.

FORGIVE AND FORGET.

* Forgive ! forget ! In haste I spoke.

My speech was rash. Resent it not.
Their words unwill'd my lips revoke.
Stretch out thy hand. Be all forgot."
But stunn'd, and still'd, the listener stood.
From stricken heart to sullen brain
Rebounding beat the insurgent blood,
Then clogg'd the gates of life again.

Those rosy roads where tranquil Thought
And Feeling once, like merchant peers,
Embracing mix'd the treasures brought
From their harmonious hemispheres ;
In these, Resentment, outraged Pride,
Wrong'd Honour, Wrath, and rebel Doubt
Now strove, with forces wandering wide,
From Reason's stately ranks thrown out.

*
" Forgive ? Forget ? " 'Tis lightly said,"
The sullen answer came at last
Half-crusht, as thro' the spikes it sped

Of Pride's portcullis—teeth shut fast.
“ ‘Forgive! forget!’ And in my place,
Say what wouldst thou, the wronger, do?”
“ I swear it, as I hope for grace,
I would forgive, forgetting too!
“ And oh that in thy place I were,
The wronger thou, and mine the wrong!
Nay, hold me to the oath I swear,
And try me if it hold not strong.”

THE PAINFUL PAST.

For lost to love, tho' love may last,
Is all that love must needs forgive;
And, tho' forgot, the painful past
Its prey forgets not. Maim'd we live.
In memory's haunts a horror grows,
That marks one unremember'd spot;
And still the hoary hemlock blows
Where blows the blue forget-me-not.

RUNNING AFTER REST.

The rest that man runs after lures the wretch

From every place where he at rest may be ;
So that his legs are ever on the stretch,
And not one moment of repose hath he.
This frenzy is in certain folks so strong
That, when they find the pavement of the city
Where they walk up and down the whole day long
Not rough enough, however hard and gritty,
It is their wont, some once or twice a year,
To slip away, as wild as hawk or merlin,
From all that city folks hold justly dear
In London, Paris, Rome, Vienna, Berlin,
And seek out mountain places nature made
On purpose for uncomfortable walking.
To swell the number of these fools, I paid
A visit to the Alps ; which, after stalking
Thro' stony vales I reach'd, and sought repose
Fatiguingly a whole flea-bitten night,
Outfidgeted in a chill Châlet, close
By a green Glacier. There, before the light
I from bed's antisoporific rose,
And set forth booted on my bootless road ;
Wondering which first would wear the other out,

The mountain or the boots that o'er it strode.
But both the granite strong and leather stout
Remain'd intact : and tho' to own it loth,
'Tis I that was worn out between them both.
And, when I reach'd the summit where I thought
To pluck pure rapture, life's high alpine flower,
Faint in the snow I stumbled, and besought
My guide to let me sleep away the hour
'Twas settled we must pass there.

THE HOURS.

We here, who people Time,
As bodies people Space,—the Hours are we.
The Past upheaves us. Some of us, sublime,
And others lowly, as no doubt you see.
That's as Time makes us, of what men make *him*.

MUS NONDUM OBORTUS.

I'm but the Hour of a small office clerk,
Whose whole life was so quiet, dim, and prim,
There's nothing in me to invite remark.
The man who made what Time hath made of me

Lived seventy years; full fifty years of which
He served the State. When just about to be
Promoted to a post that was the pitch
Of his life's aim (tho' naught to boast of) he,
Poor devil, died an hour too soon. And thus
The mouse with which I am parturient
Remains within me, evermore, *a mus nondum abortus*.

LAST HOUR OF ONE CONDEMNED TO DEATH.

Am the Last Hour of one condemn'd to death
For having murder'd life. Look at me close.
Throughout the Hour I am, one after one,
All the lost moments of that man's life rose
Up to the surface of his soul. Deeds done,
Days undone, wild desires, and wicked wishes,
Pure joys defiled, and faded memories fond.
One after one they rose up like dead fishes
To the sick surface of a poison'd pond.
He, in this Hour a hundred times eternal,
A child once more, the games of childhood play'd ;
Felt on his brow the kiss of lips maternal ;
A father's counsels heard and disobey'd ;

Far, far away, by flowery paths infernal,
From innocence, repose, and virtue stray'd ;
Felt in his breast love's primal passion burning,
The pang of jealousy's envenom'd dart,
The shock of faith betray'd, the bitter turning
Of love to hate, the ravage of the heart,
Despair, debauchery, destruction, crime,
Conscience, and memory—the soul's last cry !
Behold me. All the emptiness of Time,
And all the wretchedness of Life, am I ! ”

THE STAG.

Nature hath given the Stag a wondrous gift.
Love, and the force that loving hearts doth lift
To lofty courage by the sweet desire
Of winning love, have with creative fire
Gone to his burning brain, and thence burst out
In that brave crest he proudly bears about.
Thus, in love's complete beauty arm'd, he roams
The gusty realms of passion, and becomes
A living tempest ; with what'er in storm
Hath being—motion swift, majestic form,

Strife, rapture, peril, and the pomp of power
Then, like the storm which hath its one wild hour
And passes, he—his passion once subdued
By surfeit fierce—returns to solitude.

SUPERIOR MINDS.

And better, to my thinking, one high note
Dropt by the soaring skylark from the sky
Than all that's warbled from a cage-lark's throat.

Minds are there, too, whose natural home is high ;
One word they drop in passing is worth more
Than tutor'd twitterers by the score.

AUTHOR AND CRITIC IN ONE.

So are we : who both author and critic in one,
Miss the comfort accorded to either alone.
By alternate creative and critical powers
Is our suffering identity sunder'd and torn :
And the tooth of the critic that in us devours
Half the author's conceptions before they are born.

THE MOUNTAIN'S COMPLAINT.

O rapturous, wandering wings,

O rivulets, running for ever,
O winds, clouds, waves, happy things !
I, that never may follow you, never
Taste with you a traveller's bliss,
As ye roam over moorland and meadow,
I, at least (and who grudges me this ?)
Send forth on his travels my Shadow.

THE SHADE.

'Tis a gentle and timorous sprite,
That never, except when night
Is falling, ventures far ;
And, albeit inquisitive, most
Discreet ; not given to boast,
As other travellers are ;
Pure, tho' it sleep in the slime ;
Shy as a young bird thrown
Unfledged from its nest sublime ;
Yet with secret joys of its own ;
And by only two at a time
Is its intimate sweetness known.
But of any two lovers, I pray,

Be it ask'd if they love not the shade :
And the happy ones, boy and maid,
Will blush as they turn away
Sighing and smiling, afraid
Its secret bliss to betray ;
Whilst the others, whose hearts be cleft
For the grave of a lost love, laid
Dead in its birthplace,—'reft
Of the hopes that with shadows have play'd,
Will sigh " Our sole happiness left
Is to wander and weep in the shade."

CREATION.

Ere Love was acquainted with Sorrow,
Ere Eve was a wife or a mother,
Ere the even was 'ware of the morrow,
Or yet either had banisht the other,
In Eden the Night and the Morn
Were dissever'd as soon as born.
The *Fiat Lux* thunders thro' heaven !
And, awakening Creation, hath riven
The resonant portals of Light.

All gushing with glorious surprises
The Sun, in his royalty, rises,
And bursts on the realm of the Night.
He comes! and the Silence profound,
That hath watch'd with droopt wings spread afar
Over Night's maiden dreams, at the sound
Of the steps of the conquering star,
Is smitten and scatter'd in flight.
And he comes: lifts the veil from her breast,
And sees naked the beautiful Night.

PASSION.

And such is the endless condition
Of Passion, the child of disdain
And desire,—life and death in transition!
Hope snatcht from the breast of despair
Is hers, and a life that is death;
For she breathes in the deadliest air,
And she dies of but one quiet breath.
Her food is the fruit that's forbidden:
Her pleasure a prayer never granted:
Her strength is a wish that is chidden: . . .

And her weakness the thing that she wanted !”

NIGHT.

And the Sun, never-resting, forsaken,
And fierce in his anguish of light,
Cries thro’ heaven “ Where art thou ? awaken,
And return to me, fugitive Night ! ”
But she, whose unsatisfied lover
Thus renews his importunate flame,
Where hides she ? with what does she cover
Her beauty, her babe, and her shame ?
Ask yon quivering splendours, that swim
The blue dark in bright shoals overspread,
If they know in what solitude dim
Night is hiding her desolate head :
And those liveried lackeys of Light
(In the cause of Light’s glory enlisted)
Will answer “ What is it, the Night ?
”Tis a myth that has never existed ! ”

BLISS.

But aloud
Breathe the name of it never ! At best

'Tis a treasure that, risk'd if avow'd,
Is in fear and in peril possess'd :
Whose possessor, as one that encroacheth
Upon ground that's forbidden, by night,
All atremble his treasure approacheth
But to bury it deep out of sight.

HARD FATE.

Blind blind is fate ! unjust and hard my lot,
Who bear the burden of oblivious days
Unnoticed and uncheer'd from spot to spot
By dull and difficult ways !
How enviably doth the blissful bird
Bathe her free life in sunshine and sweet air,
Earth's lightest elements, and undterr'd
Roam the wide welkin ! There
Sublime she wanders with delighted mind
Thro' heaven's high glories—I but guess, debarr'd
From contemplation of them. Fate is blind,
Unjust my lot, and hard !

PUT NOT TRUST IN PATRONS.

Poor denizen of dust,
Confide not in the fate

Which doth exalt, and must
Destroy, thee soon or late.
Be warn'd in time : mistrust
The contact of the great.

A GARDEN.

There
Flowers of all colours and odours grew ;
And, whatever their odour, whatever their hue,
The gardener gave to them each alike
What for each was good. In congenial ground
He set each seedling to shoot and strike ;
Each sprout he cherish'd and water'd round
With the self-same vigilance everywhere,
Tended each bud with the self-same care ;
And, nevertheless, in colour and scent,
They came up, all of them, different.
Each had something that best became it .
Each had some quality fair and fit :
Each had a beauty whereby to name it :
Each had a merit to praise in it.
One by its leaf, and one by its stem,
This by its colour, and that by its smell,

These by their blossomy diadem,
And those by their fruit, did the rest excel.

LOVE AND DEATH.

We are not made for Beauty, nor for Love,
Nor for Eternity,
Perchance. But something in us, from above,
Yearns to embrace all three.

ETERNITY.

It was the smile of Eternity,
That smileth, whether men live or die.
Every sorrow, and every joy,
Every pleasure, and every pain,
Hath something—it may be, all—to dread.
But, with nothing to lose, and nothing to gain,
Eternity smileth the smile of the dead

LOST IN THE SNOW.

“Friend, I am tired, and can no further fare.
Here will I rest.”—“Ah, madman!” cried the other,
“Here is but Ruin with Rest’s face Beware !

Shake off this fatal lethargy, my brother !

'Tis Death that woos, and not Repose,

The weary and unwise

To his cold couch in these deep snows.

Poor wretch, arouse, arise !

Some succour, sure, must be at hand,

Some issue from this dreadful land.

WORDS CHANGE NOT FACTS.

Good talkers, flatter not the hungry crowd.

All your soft words will butter it no bread.

Yet speak the truth, nor spare to speak it loud

For fear lest Hunger's clamour to be fed,

Acknowledged just, should wax too fierce and proud.

Words change not facts. Friends, cut off Hunger's
head :

There'll be no wolves to fear, or flatter, then.

If not ; beware of hungry wolves—and men !

A CHILD PLAYING.

After drifted blossoms straying,

Birds and butterflies waylaying,

Down the street a child is playing :
Springing, singing, for pure joy,
All the world his pleasant toy ;
A fair, rosy, bright-hair'd boy.

PROTRACTED DISEASE.

Long perishing I lived. On pain I fed.
I had no children, and I had no bride,
Like other men. But with Disease I wed,
And this, mine own death-hour, on her begot.
Yet all so well, against life's wocs allied,
My solitary soul, from heel to head,
Was arm'd in patience, they subdued her not.
What she hath wrought can neither rest nor rot.

MAN'S SPIRIT IMMORTAL.

Yes ! mine idea shall live, bright, beaucous, glad.
In me all's weak, but where is weakness here ?
In me all's sorrow, here is nothing sad.
Clouded my life was, but my thought is clear.
The Spirit that thro' formless space did flit,
Seeking fit form, its budding purpose clad

In a child's brain, and breath'd in that child's ear—
“ Child, my thought chooseth for its servant fit,
Live for it, labour, suffer, die for it ! ”
“ That child was I, and I obey'd. Alas,
I lived to die. But dying, I set free
A life that's deathless. Into dust I pass
Content, because the thought that lived in me
Lives and shall live.

MAGGOT IN THE BRAIN.

Patience hath of ichneumons pointed out
As many as three hundred different kinds,
All living on as many kinds, no doubt,
Of different insects : as, on different minds,
Different ideas. Brains, we must avow,
The strongest, cannot yet *per annum* sprout
Three hundred new ideas ; and man finds
The old ones troublesome. But troubles grow,
And even the weakest brains breed notions now.
Meanwhile, whenever I behold a man
With burthen'd forehead, bald before his time,
And visage, like a lamp at noontide, wan,

Who thinks, by nourishing some thought sublime,
To pay himself, in death, life's many pains ;
And, having spent his strength in prose or rhyme
On some idea which hath been the ban
Of all his being, boasts, " My work remains,"
I muse, " What maggot hath he in his brains ?"

END AND AIM OF WAR.

The sole aim

And end of all such conflicts is the same,
Whether two peasants or two peoples fight :
Each from the other strives to wrest the right ;
Each on the other strives to wreak the wrong ;
And each, as both the varying strife prolong,
Is vanquisht or is victor, turn about,
For, as " the whirligig of time " whirls out
Alternate chances, is the vanquisht race
Avenged on the victorious.

A CONQUEROR.

A conqueror : who, in half a hundred fights,
The wrongs of his slain fathers to the rights

Of their more fortunate sons converted ; slew,
And led to slaughter, thousands ; but o'erthrew
The overthrower, and to dust beat down
A secular oppression. Tower and town
Tumbled in smoky ashes, heaps of bones
Pasht and in a bloody puddle, gasps and groans
Of masht-up men, a mass of different deaths
Mixt with a murmur of admiring breaths,
Founded the FIRST eternal monument
Which in men's memories made this last event
Imperishable ; and, with gush of gore
And glory from men's minds for evermore
Wiped out the first, poor, perishable, mean
Cause of the conflict, which thereby had been
Crown'd with immortal claim upon the praise
And retrospective pride of after days.
To many a lyre by many a lyrist strung,
About the land that hero's deeds were sung.
And many a homely lay, from door to door,
From sire to son, repeated o'er and o'er,
Transmitted to a far posterity
Traditions of his worth.

HOMER.

And all men deem'd the Poet's work to be
More lasting than the Hero's. Nathless, he
Who wrote the poem which, by men proclaim'd
Immortal, made its mortal parent famed,
Had died of want in some obscure small town.
Men search'd, in vain, the empire up and down
To find his birthplace ; and, not finding it,
(Tho' many volumes were to help them writ,
Each volume proving hopelessly absurd
Whatever by the others was averr'd)
The baffled seekers by degrees began
To shape the ideal image of the man
Out of his song ; imagining a face
And figure suited to his spirit's grace.
The state, then, order'd that this image, cast
In ever-during bronze, should be at last
Erected in the imperial capital
On a tall pillar ; to be seen of all
Who there, throughout the ages, came and went.
This was the THIRD eternal monument ;
Which all the previous monuments effaced.

And the great poet's name, upon it traced,
Was read by multitudes who read no more
The old-fashion'd verses whence that name of yore
Its immortality of fame received ;
Which from Oblivion nothing new retrieved
Savè the bronze image, on whose marble base
His name still figured, in the market place.

THE SLUGGARD.

Work ! But when can I work, pray, when ?
At morn ? I have not yet done my doze.
At noon ? But too heavy the heat is then.
At eve ? But eve is the time for repose.
At night ? But at night I'm asleep again.
Work ? What is it ? As I suppose,
'Tis the vain invention of idle men ;
Whom the Devil could help to no happier plan
For getting thro' time, than this idiot trick
Of adding fatigue to fatigue ; like a man
Who carries his boots at the end of a stick
Slung behind him, to add to the heat
And the weight on his back ; as, with limping feet,

Thro' the flints that tear, and the thorns that prick,
He fares barefooted, and boasts he can
With such bootless trouble get on so quick.

THE WANDERER.

The man in possession of that stout pair
Of human legs, by the help of these
Trode many a road, scaled many a stair,
Climb'd the mountains, traversed the seas,
Braved strange weathers, and breathed strange air,
Learn'd new manners, new languages,
Saw crowded cities, and deserts bare,
Felt the dogstar burn, and the polestar freeze,
Ransack'd earth for the far, the fair,
And yet nowhere on earth could the man find ease.
For, wherever he thought to have settled, there
Something he noticed which fail'd to please,
Or something he miss'd which had pleased elsewhere.
And the worse he fared the further he went,
For comparison everywhere ruin'd content.

EXCUSES.

Excuses are clothes which, when ask'd unawares,
Good Breeding to naked Necessity spares.

You must have a whole wardrobe, no doubt.

YEARS LONG DEPARTED.

Before I extinguish for ever the fire
 Of youth and romance, in whose shadowy light
 Hope whisper'd her first fairy tales, to excite
 The last spark, till it rise, and fade far in that dawn
 Of my days where the twilights of life were first drawn
 By the rosy, reluctant auroras of Love :
 In short from the dead Past the grave-stone to move ;
 Of the years long departed for ever to take
 One last look, one final farewell ; to awake
 The Heroic of youth from the Hades of joy,
 And once more be, though but for an hour, Jack—a
 boy !

THE PAST FROM THE FUTURE IS HIDDEN.

No ! were it but
 To make sure that the Past from the Future is shut,
 It were worth the step back Do you think we should
 live
 With the living so lightly, and learn to survive

That wild moment in which to the grave and its gloom
We consign'd our heart's best, if the doors of the tomb
Were not lock'd with a key which Fate keeps for our sake?
If the dead could return, or the corpses awake ?

CONTENT.

. Not wholly. The man who gets up
A fill'd guest from the banquet, and drains off his cup,
Sees the last lamp extinguish'd with cheerfulness, goes
Well contented to bed, and enjoys its repose.

THE DISSATISFIED MAN.

But he who hath supp'd at the tables of kings,
And yet starved in the sight of luxurious things ;
Who hath watch'd the wine flow, by himself but half
tasted,
Heard the music, and yet miss'd the tune ; who hath
wasted,
One part of life's grand possibilities ;—friend,
That man will bear with him, be sure, to the end,
A blighted experience, a rancour within :
You may call it a virtue,—I call it a sin.

A HOARY LOTHARIO.

A hoary

Lothario, whom dying, the priest by his bed
(Knowing well the unprincipled life he had led,
And observing, with no small amount of surprise,
Resignation and calm in the old sinner's eyes)
Ask'd if he had nothing that weigh'd on his mind .
'Well, . . . no,' . . . says Lothario, 'I think not. I find,
'On reviewing my life, which in most things was pleasant,
'I never neglected, when once it was present,
'An occasion of pleasing myself. On the whole,
'I have nought to regret;' . . . and so, smiling, his soul
Took its flight from this world.

A PRETTY WOMAN.

Eyes—the wistful gazelle's; the fine foot of a fairy;
And a hand fit a fay's wand to wave,—white and airy;
A voice soft and sweet as a tune that one knows.
Something in her there was, set you thinking of those
Strange backgrounds of Raphael . . . that hectic and
deep
Brief twilight in which southern suns fall asleep.

LOVER'S QUARREL.

She bored me. I show'd it. She saw it. What next ?
She reproach'd. I retorted. Of course she was vex'd.
I was vex'd that she was so. She sulk'd. So did I.
If I ask'd her to sing, she look'd ready to cry.
I was contrite, submissive. She soften'd. I harden'd.
At noon I was banish'd. At eve I was pardon'd.
She said I had no heart. I said she had no reason.
I swore she talk'd nonsense. She sobb'd. I talk'd
treason.

HEARTLESSNESS.

Yes ; I see that your heart is as dry as a reed :
That the dew of your youth is rubbed off you : I see
You have no feeling left in you, even for me !
At honour you jest ; you are cold as a stone
To the warm voice of friendship. Belief you have none ;
You have lost faith in all things. You carry a blight
About with you everywhere. Yes, at the sight
Of such callous indifference, who could be calm ?
I must leave you at once, Jack, or else the last balm
That is left me in Gilead you'll turn into gall.
Heartless, cold, unconcerned . . .

GOOD COUNSEL.

Of all the good things in this good world around us,
The one most abundantly furnish'd and found us,
And which, for that reason, we least care about,
And can best spare our friends, is good counsel, no doubt.

FIXITY OF PURPOSE.

The man who seeks one thing in life, and but one,
May hope to achieve it before life be done ;
But he who seeks all things, wherever he goes,
Only reaps from the hopes which around him he sows
A harvest of barren regrets.

WORDS.

Words, however, are things : and the man who accords
To his language the licence to outrage his soul,
Is controll'd by the words he disdains to control

A FACT.

Let any man once show the world that he feels
Afraid of its bark, and 'twill fly at his heels :
Let him fearlessly face it, 'twill leave him alone :
But 'twill fawn at his feet if he flings it a bone.

FRENCH LANGUAGE.

I swear

I have wander'd about in the world everywhere ;
From many strange mouths have heard many strange
tongues ;

Strain'd with many strange idioms my lips and my
lungs ;

Walk'd in many a far land, regretting my own ;

In many a language groan'd many a groan ;

And have often had reason to curse those wild fellows
Who built the high house at which Heaven turn'd
jealous,

Making human audacity stumble and stammer

When seized by the throat in the hard gripe of Gram-
mar.

But the language of languages dearest to me

Is that in which once, *O ma toute chérie,*

When, together, we bent o'er your nosegay for hours,

You explain'd what was silently said by the flowers,

And, selecting the sweetest of all, sent a flame

Through my heart, as, in laughing, you murmur'd *je
t'aime.*

The Italians have voices like peacocks ; the Spanish
Smell, I fancy, of garlic ; the Swedish and Danish
Have something too Runic, too rough and unshod, in
Their accent for mouths not descended from Odin ;
German gives me a cold in the head, sets me wheezing
And coughing ; and Russian is nothing but sneezing ;
But, by Belus and Babel ! I never have heard,
And I never shall hear (I well know it), one word
Of that delicate idiom of Paris without
Feeling morally sure, beyond question or doubt,
By the wild way in which my heart inwardly flutter'd,
That my heart's native tongue to my heart had been
utter'd
And whene'er I hear French spoken as I approve,
I feel myself quietly falling in love.

DINNER.

O hour of all hours, the most bless'd upon earth,
Blessèd hour of our dinners !

The land of his birth ;
The face of his first love ; the bills that he owes ;
The twaddle of friends, and the venom of foes ;

The sermon he heard when to church he last went ;
The money he borrow'd, the money he spent ;—
All of these things a man I believe, may forget,
And not be the worse for forgetting ; but yet
Never, never, oh never ! earth's luckiest sinner
Hath unpunish'd forgotten the hour of his dinner :
Indigestion, that conscience of every bad stomach,
Shall relentlessly gnaw and pursue him with some ache
Or some pain ; and trouble, remorseless, his best ease,
As the furies once troubled the sleep of Orestes.
We may live without poetry, music and art ;
We may live without conscience, and live without heart ;
We may live without friends ; we may live without
books ;
But civilized man cannot live without cooks.
He may live without books,—what is knowledge but
grieving ?
He may live without hope,—what is hope but deceiv-
ing ?
He may live without love,—what is passion but pin-
ing ?
But where is the man that can live without dining ?

GENIUS IS TRUTH.

In this Masque of the Passions, call'd Life, there's no
human

Emotion, though mask'd, or in man or in woman.

But, when faced and unmask'd, it will leave us at last
Struck by some supernatural aspect aghast.

For truth is appalling and eldritch, as seen

By this world's artificial lamplights, and we screen

From our sight the strange vision that troubles our life.

Alas! why is Genius for ever at strife

With the world, which, despite the world's self, it
ennobles?

Why is it that Genius perplexes and troubles

And offends the effete life it comes to renew?

'Tis the terror of Truth! 'tis that Genius is true!

A WOMAN OF GENIUS.

The strong spirit in her, had her life but been blended

With some man's whose heart had her own comprehended,

All its wealth at his feet would have lavishly thrown.

For him she had struggled and striven alone;

For him had aspired ; in him had transfused
• All the gladness and grace of her nature, and used
For him only the spells of its delicate power :
Like the ministering fairy that brings from her bower
To some mage all the treasures, whose use the fond elf
More enrich'd by her love, disregards for herself.
But standing apart, as she ever had done,
And her genius, which needed a vent, finding none
In the broad fields of action thrown wide to man's
power,
She unconsciously made it her bulwark and tower,
And built in it her refuge, whence lightly she hurl'd
Her contempt at the fashions and forms of the world.
And the permanent cause why she now miss'd and
fail'd
That firm hold upon life she so keenly assail'd,
Was, in all those diurnal occasions that place
Say—"The world and the woman opposed face to face,
Where the woman must yield, she, refusing to stir,
Offended the world, which in turn wounded her."
As before, in the old-fashion'd manner, I fit
To this character, also, its moral : to wit,•

Say—The world is a nettle ; disturb it, it stings :
Grasp it firmly, it stings not. On one of two things,
If you would not be stung, it behoves you to settle :
Avoid it, or crush it. She crush'd not the nettle ;
For she could not ; nor would she avoid it : she tried
With the weak hand of woman to thrust it aside,
And it stung her A woman is too slight a thing
To trample the world without feeling its sting.

GRIEF.

Yes ! the face he remember'd was faded with tears :
Grief had famish'd the figure, and dimm'd the dark
eyes,
And starved the pale lips, too acquainted with sighs.
And that tender, and gracious, and fond *coquetterie*
Of a woman who knows her least ribbon to be
Something dear to the lips that so warmly caress
Every sacred detail of her exquisite dress,
In the careless toilette of Lucile,—then too sad
To care aught to her changeable beauty to add,—
Lord Alfred had never admired before !
Alas ! poor Lucile, in those weak days of yore,

Had neglected herself, never heeding, nor thinking
(While the blossom and bloom of her beauty were
shrinking)

That sorrow can beautify only the heart—
Not the face—of a woman ; and can but impart
Its endearment to one that has suffer'd. In truth
Grief hath beauty for grief : but gay youth loves gay
youth.

PARTING OF LOVERS

“Perhaps,”

Said Lucile (her sole answer reveal'd in the flush
Of quick colour which up to her brows seem'd to rush
In reply to those few broken words,) “ this farewell
Is our last, Alfred Vaingrave, in life. Who can tell ?
Let us part without bitterness. Here are your letters.
Be assured I retain you no more in my fetters !”—
She laugh'd, as she said this, a little sad laugh.
And stretch'd out her hand with the letters. And half
Wroth to feel his wrath rise, and unable to trust
His own powers of restraint, in his bosom he thrust
The packet she gave, with a short angry sigh,

Bow'd his head, and departed without a reply.
And Lucile was alone. And the men of the world
Were gone back to the world. And the world's self
was furl'd
Far away from the heart of the woman. Her hand
Droop'd, and from it, unloosed from their frail silken
band,
Fell those early love-letters, strewn, scatter'd, and shed
At her feet—life's lost blossoms ! Dejected her head
On her bosom was bow'd. Her gaze vaguely stray'd
o'er
Those strewn records of passionate moments no more.
From each page to her sight leapt some word that belied
The composure with which she that day had denied
Every claim on her heart to those poor perish'd years.
They avenged themselves now, and she burst into tears.

KING OF GUIDES.

The king of the guides !
The gallant Bernard ! ever boldly he rides.
Ever gaily he sings ! For to him, from of old,
The hills have confided their secrets, and told .

Where the white partridge lies, and the cock o' the
woods ;

Where the izard flits fine through the cold solitudes ;
Where the bear lurks perdu ; and the lynx on his prey
At nightfall descends, when the mountains are grey ;
Where the sassafras blooms, and the blue-bell is born,
And the wild rhododendron first reddens at morn ;
Where the source of the waters is fine as a thread ;
How the storm on the wild Maladetta is spread ;
Where the thunder is hoarded, the snows lie asleep,
Whence the torrents are fed, and the cataracts leap ;
And, familiarly known in the hamlets, the vales
Have whisper'd to him all their thousand love-tales ;
He has laugh'd with the girls, he has leap'd with the
boys ;

Ever blithe, ever bold, ever boon, he enjoys
An existence untroubled by envy or strife,
While he feeds on the dews and the juices of life.
And so lightly he sings, and so gaily he rides.
For BERNARD LE SAUTEUR is the king of all guides !

THE INFINITE WORLD.

And, seen or unseen,
Dwells aloof over all, in the vast and serene

Sacred sky, where the footsteps of spirits are furl'd
'Mid the clouds beyond which spreads the infinite
world

Of man's last aspirations, unfathom'd, untrod,
Save by Even and Morn, and the angels of God.

THE TEMPEST.

And the Storm is abroad in the mountains !

He fills

The crouch'd hollows and all the oracular hills
With dread voices of power. A roused million or more
Of wild echoes reluctantly rise from their hoar
Immemorial ambush, and roll in the wake
Of the cloud, whose reflection leaves vivid the lake.
And the wind, that wild robber, for plunder descends
From invisible lands, o'er those black mountain ends ;
He howls as he hounds down his prey ; and his lash
Tears the hair of the timorous wan mountain ash,
That clings to the rocks, with her garments all torn,
Like a woman in fear ; then he blows his hoarse horn,
And is off, the fierce guide of destruction and terror,
Up the desolate heights, 'mid an intricate error

Of mountain and mist.

There is war in the skies !

Lo ! the black-wingèd legions of tempest arise
O'er those sharp splinter'd rocks that are gleaming
below

In the soft light, so fair and so fatal, as though
Some seraph burn'd through them, the thunderbolt
searching

Which the black cloud unbosom'd just now Lo ' the
lurching

And shivering pine-trees like phantoms, that seem
To waver above, in the dark ; and yon stream,
How it hurries and roars, on its way to the white
And paralyzed lake there, appall'd at the sight
Of the things seen in heaven !

A LOVER'S CONTRITION.

“ We two meet again

Neath yon terrible heaven that is watching above
To avenge if I lie when I swear that I love,—
And beneath yonder terrible heaven, at your feet,
I humble my head and my heart. I entreat

Your pardon, Lucile, for the past—I implore
For the future your mercy—implore it with more
Of passion than prayer ever breathed. By the power
Which invisibly touches us both in this hour,
By the rights I have o'er you, Lucile, I demand"—
"The rights!" . . . said Lucile, and drew from him her
hand.

"Yes the rights! for what greater to man may belong
Than the right to repair in the future the wrong
To the past? and the wrong I have done you, of yore,
Hath bequeath'd to me all the sad right to restore,
To retrieve, to amend! I, who injured your life
Urge the right to repair it, Lucile! Be my wife,
My guide, my good angel, my all upon earth,
And accept, for the sake of what yet may give worth
To my life, its contrition!"

THE GREAT MYSTERY.

I saw in a vision the whole
Vast design of the ages; what was and shall be!
Hands unseen raised the veil of a great mystery
For one moment. I saw, and I heard; and my heart

Bore witness within me to infinite art,
In infinite power proving infinite love ;
Caught the great choral chant, mark'd the dread
pageant move—
The divine Whence and Whither of life.

. NOTHING CERTAIN.

How blest should we be, have I often conceived,
Had we really achieved what we nearly achieved !
We but catch at the skirts of the thing we would be,
And fall back on the lap of a false destiny.
So it will be, so has been, since this world began !
And the happiest, noblest, and best part of man
Is the part which he never hath fully play'd out :
For the first and last word in life's volume is—Doubt.
The face the most fair to our vision allow'd
Is the face we encounter and lose in the crowd.
The thought that most thrills our existence is one
Which, before we can frame it in language, is gone.
O Horace ! the rustic still rests by the river,
But the river flows on, and flows past him for ever !
Who can sit down, and say . . . " What I will be, I will " .

Who stand up, and affirm . . . " What I was, I am still " ?
Who is it that must not, if question'd, say . . . ' What '
I would have remain'd, or become, I am not " ?
We are ever behind, or beyond, or beside
Our intrinsic existence For ever at hide
And seek with our souls. Not in Hades alone
Doth Sisyphus roll, ever frustrate, the stone,
Do the Danaïds ply, ever vainly, the sieve.
Tasks as futile does earth to its denizens give
Yet there's none so unhappy, but what he hath been
Just about to be happy, at some time, I ween ;
And none so beguiled and defrauded by chance.
But what once, in his life, some minute circumstance
Would have fully sufficed to secure him the bliss
Which, missing it then, he for ever must miss
And to most of us, ere we go down to the grave,
Life, relenting, accords the good gift we would have ;
But, as though by some strange imperfection in fate,
The good gift, when it comes, comes a moment too late.

A LOVER'S IDOLATRY.

My one perfect mistress ! my all things in all !

Thee by no vulgar name known to men do I call :
• For the seraphs have named thee to me in my sleep,
And that name is a secret I sacredly keep.
But, wherever this nature of mine is most fair,
And its thoughts are the purest—belov'd, thou art there!
And whatever is noblest in aught that I do,
Is done to exalt and to worship thee too.
The world gave thee not to me, no ! and the world
Cannot take thee away from me now. I have furl'd
The wings of my spirit about thy bright head ;
At thy feet are my soul's immortalities spread.
Thou mightest have been to me much. Thou art more.
And in silence I worship, in darkness adore.
If life be not that which without us we find—
Chance, accident, mercy—but rather the mind,
And the soul which, within us, surviveth these things,
If our real existence have truly its springs
Less in that which we do, than in that which we feel,
Not in vain do I worship, not hopeless I kneel !

EXTERNAL NATURE AND MAN.

O Nature, how fair is thy face,
And how light is thy heart, and how friendless thy
grace !

Thou false mistress of man ! thou dost sport with him
lightly

In his hours of ease and enjoyment ; and brightly
Dost thou smile to his smile ; to his joys thou inclinest,
But his sorrows, thou knowest them not, nor divinest.
While he woos, thou art wanton ; thou lettest him love
thee ;

But thou art not his friend, for his grief cannot move
thee ;

And at last, when he sickens and dies, what dost thou
All as gay are thy garments, as careless thy brow,
And thou laughest and toyst with any new comer,
Not a tear more for winter, a smile less for summer !
Hast thou never an anguish to heave the heart under
That fair breast of thine, O thou feminine wonder !
For all those—the young, and the fair, and the strong,
Who have loved thee, and lived with thee gaily and
long,

And who now on thy bosom lie dead ? and their deeds
And their days are forgotten ! O hast thou no weeds
And not one year of mourning.—one out of the many
That deck thy new bridals for ever,—nor any
Regrets for thy lost loves, conceal'd from the new,
O thou widow of earth's generations ?

SEA AND RIVER.

There are two kinds of strength. One, the strength
of the river,
Which through continents pushes its pathway for ever
To fling its fond heart in the sea ; if it lose
This, the aim of its life, it is lost to its use,
It goes mad, is diffused into deluge, and dies.
The other, the strength of the sea ; which supplies
Its deep life from mysterious sources, and draws
The river's life into its own life, by laws
Which it heeds not. The difference in each case is this :
The river is lost, if the ocean it miss ;
If the sea miss the river, what matter ? The sea
Is the sea still, for ever. Its deep heart will be
Self-sufficing, unconscious of loss as of yore ;
Its sources are infinite ; still to the shore,
With no diminution of pride, it will say,
' I am here ; I, the sea ! stand aside, and make way !'

JEALOUSY.

In the rush
Of wild jealousy, all the fierce passions that waste

And darken and devastate intellect, chased
From its realm human reason. The wild animal
In the bosom of man was set free. And of all
Human passions the fiercest, fierce jealousy, fierce
As the fire, and more wild than the whirlwind, to pierce
And to rend rush'd upon him : fierce jealousy, swell'd
By all passions bred from it, and ever impell'd
To involve all things else in the anguish within it,
And on others inflict its own pangs !

RESIGNATION.

With head bow'd, as though
By the weight of the heart's resignation.

A SCOTCH PURITAN.

A shrewd Puritan Scot whose sharp wits made the
most of
This world and the next ; having largely invested
Not only where treasure is never molested
By thieves, moth, or rust ; but on this earthly ball,
Where interest was high, and security small.
Of mankind there was never a theory yet

Not by some individual instance upset :
And so to that sorrowful verse of the Psalm
Which declares that the wicked expand like the palm
In a world where the righteous are stunted and pent,
A cheering exception did Ridley present.
Like the worthy of Uz, Heaven prosper'd his piety.
The leader of every religious society,
Christian knowledge he labour'd through life to promote
With personal profit, and knew how to quote
Both the stocks and the Scripture, with equal advantage
To himself and admiring friends, in this Cant-Age.

BLIGHTED HEART.

Alas ! you may haply remember me yet
The free child, whose glad childhood myself I forget,
I come—a sad woman, defrauded of rest :
I bear to you only a labouring breast :
My heart is a storm-beaten ark, wildly hurl'd
O'er the whirlpools of time, with the wrecks of a world :
The dove from my bosom hath flown far away :
It is flown, and returns not, though many a day
Have I watch'd from the windows of life for its coming.

Friend, I sigh for repose, I am weary of roaming.
I know not what Ararat rises for me
Far away, o'er the waves of the wandering sea :
I know not what rainbow may yet, from far hills,
Lift the promise of hope, the cessation of ills :
But a voice, like the voice of my youth, in my breast
Wakes and whispers me on—to the East ! to the East !
Shall I find the child's heart that I left there ? or find
The lost youth I recall with its pure peace of mind ?
Alas ! who shall number the drops of the rain ?
Or give to the dead leaves their greenness again ?
Who shall seal up the caverns the earthquake hath rent ?
Who shall bring forth the winds that within them are
pent ?
To a voice who shall render an image ? or who
From the heats of the noontide shall gather the dew ?
I have burn'd out within me the fuel of life.
Wherefore lingers the flame ? Rest is sweet after strife.
I would sleep for a while. I am weary.

MATTER OF FACT AGE.

Cuvier knew the world better than Adam, no doubt :

But the last man, at best, was but learnèd about
What the first, without learning, *enjoy'd*. What art
thou

To the man of to-day, O Leviathan, now ?

A science. What wert thou to him that from ocean

First beheld thee appear ? A surprise,—an emotion !

When life leaps in the veins, when it beats in the
heart,

When it thrills as it fills every animate part,

Where lurks it ? how works it ? . . we scarcely detect it.

But life goes : the heart dies : haste, O leech, and
dissect it !

This accursèd æsthetical, ethical age

Hath so finger'd life's horn-book, so blurr'd every page,

That the old glad romance, the gay chivalrous story

With its fables of faery, its legends of glory,

Is turn'd to a tedious instruction, not new

To the children that read it insipidly through.

We know too much of Love ere we love. We can
trace

Nothing new, unexpected, or strange in his face

When we see it at last. 'Tis the same little Cupid,

With the same dimpled cheek, and the smile almost
stupid,

We have seen in our pictures, and stuck on our shelves,
And copied a hundred times over, ourselves.

And wherever we turn, and whatever we do,
Still, that horrible sense of the *déjà connu* !

YET.

"Yes ! . . he loves me," she sigh'd ; " this is love, then—
and yet—!"

Ah, that *yet* ! fatal word ! 'tis the moral of all
Thought and felt, seen or done, in this world since the
Fall !

It stands at the end of each sentence we learn ;
It flits in the vista of all we discern ;
It leads us, for ever and ever, away
To find in to-morrow what flies with to-day.

SORROW.

O source of the holiest joys we inherit,
O sorrow, thou solemn, invisible spirit !
Ill fares it with man when, through life's desert sand,

Grown impatient too soon for the long promised land
He turns from the worship of thee, as thou art,
An expressless and imageless truth in the heart.

ELOQUENCE OF SILENCE.

You know

There are moments when silence, prolong'd and un-
broken,

More expressive may be than all words ever spoken.
It is when the heart has an instinct of what
In the heart of another is passing.

SOCIAL SELFISHNESS.

No misfortune, but what some one turns to his own
Advantage its mischief: no sorrow, but of it
There ever is somebody ready to profit:
No affliction without its stock-jobbers, who all
Gamble, speculate, play on the rise and the fall
Of another man's heart, and make traffic in it.

TAKE LIFE AS IT IS.

I wish I could get you at least to agree
To take life as it is, and consider with me,

If it be not all smiles, that it is not all sneers ;
It admits honest laughter, and needs honest tears.
Do you think none have known but yourself all the
pain

Of hopes that retreat, and regrets that remain ?
And all the wide distance fate fixes, no doubt,
'Twixt the life that's within, and the life that's without ?
What one of us finds the world just as he likes ?
Or gets what he wants when he wants it ? Or strikes
Without missing the thing that he strikes at the first ?
Or walks without stumbling ? Or quenches his thirst
At one draught ? Bah ! I tell you ! I, bachelor John,
Have had griefs of my own. But what then ? I push
on

All the faster perchance that I yet feel the pain
Of my last fall, albeit I may stumble again.
God means every man to be happy, be sure.
He sends us no sorrows that have not some cure.
Our duty down here is to do, not to know.
Live as though life were earnest, and life will be so.
Let each moment, like Time's last ambassador, come :
It will wait to deliver its message ; and some

Sort of answer it merits. It is not the deed
•A man does, but the way that he does it, should plead
For the man's compensation in doing it.

A NEGLECTED WIFE.

I know that your wife is as spotless as snow.
But I know not how far your continued neglect
Her nature, as well as her heart, might affect.
Till at last, by degrees, that serene atmosphere
Of her unconscious purity, faint and yet clear,
Like the indistinct golden and vaporous fleece
Which surrounded and hid the celestials in Greece
From the glances of men, would disperse and depart
At the sighs of a sick and delirious heart,—
For jealousy is to a woman, be sure,
A disease heal'd too oft by a criminal cure ;
And the heart left too long to its ravage, in time
May find weakness in virtue, reprisal in crime.

STILL NIGHT.

Never yet
Did the heavens a lovelier evening beget

Since Latona's bright childbed that bore the new
moon !

The dark world lay still, in a sort of sweet swoon,
Wide open to heaven ; and the stars on the stream
Were trembling like eyes that are loved on the dream
Of a lover ; and all things were glad and at rest
Save the unquiet heart in his own troubled breast.

TELEGRAM

Ere the world, like a cockchafer, buzz'd on a wire,
Or Time was calcined by electrical fire ,
Ere a cable went under the hoary Atlantic,
Or the word Telegram drove grammarians frantic

OLD FRIENDS.

We have grown up from boyhood together. Our track
Has been through the same meadows in childhood : in
youth
Through the same silent gateways, to manhood. In
truth,
There is none that can know me as you do ; and none
To whom I more wish to believe myself known.

CONJUGAL DEVOTION.

"Yes ! but first answer one other question," he said :

"When a woman once feels that she is not alone ;

That the heart of another is warm'd by her own ;

That another feels with her whatever she feel,

And halves her existence in woe or in weal ;

That a man for her sake will, so long as he lives,

Live to put forth his strength which the thought of
her gives ;

Live to shield her from want, and to share with her
sorrow ;

Live to solace the day, and provide for the morrow ;

Will that woman feel less than another, O say,

The loss of what life, sparing this takes away ?

Will she feel (feeling this), when calamities come,

That they brighten the heart, though they darken the
home ? "

She turn'd, like a soft rainy heaven, on him

Eyes that smiled through fresh tears, trustful, tender,
and dim.

"That woman," she murmur'd, "indeed were thrice
blest !"

"Then courage, true wife of my heart!" to his breast
As he folded and gather'd her closely, he cried.
"For the refuge, to-night in these arms open'd wide
To your heart, can be never closed to it again,
And this room is for both an asylum! For when
I pass'd through that door, at the door I left there
A calamity, sudden, and heavy to bear.
One step from that threshold, and daily, I fear,
We must face it henceforth: but it enters not here,
For that door shuts it out, and admits here alone
A heart which calamity leaves all your own!"

NATURE AND TIME.

Nature, that never
Sleeps, but waking reposes, with patient endeavour
Continued about them unheeded, unseen,
Her old, quiet toil in the heart of the green
Summer silence, preparing new buds for new blossoms,
And stealing a finger of change o'er the bosoms
Of the unconscious woodlands; and Time, that halts not
His forces, how lovely soever the spot
Where their march lies—the wary, grey strategist, Time,

With the armies of Life, lay encamp'd—Grief and Crime,
Love and Faith, in the darkness unheeded ; maturing,
For his great war with man, new surprises ; securing
All outlets, pursuing and pushing his foe
To his last narrow refuge—the grave !

WRETCHED CREATURES ALL.

Wretched creatures we are ! I and thou—one and all !
Only able to injure each other, and fall,
Soon or late, in that void which ourselves we prepare
For the souls that we boast of ! weak insects we are !
O heaven ! and what has become of them ? all
Those instincts of Eden surviving the Fall :
That glorious faith in inherited things :
That sense in the soul of the length of her wings ;
Gone ! all gone ! and the wail of the night wind sounds
human,
Bewailing those once nightly visitants !

PURPOSE IN PAIN.

There is purpose in pain,
Otherwise it were devilish. I trust in my soul

That the great master hand which sweeps over the
whole

Of this deep harp of life, if at moments it stretch
To shrill tension some one wailing nerve, means to
fetch

Its response the truest, most stringent, and smart,
Its pathos the purest, from out the wrung heart,
Whose faculties, flaccid it may be, if less
Sharply strung, sharply smitten, had fail'd to express
Just the one note the great final harmony needs.
And what best proves there's life in a heart?—that it
bleeds !

Grant a cause to remove, grant an end to attain,
Grant both to be just, and what mercy in pain !
Cease the sin with the sorrow ! See morning begin !
Pain must burn itself out if not fuell'd by sin.
There is hope in yon hill-tops; and love in yon light.

HOPE.

Does not soul owe to soul, what to heart heart denies,
Hope, when hope is salvation ? Behold, in yon skies,
This wild night is passing away while I speak :

Lo, above us, the dayspring beginning to break !
Something wakens within me, and warms to the beam.

SUNRISE.

All alone

He stood on the bare edge of dawn. She was gone,
Like a star, when up bay after bay of the night,
Ripples in, wave on wave, the broad ocean of light.
And at once, in her place, was the Sunrise ! It rose
In its sumptuous splendour and solemn repose,
The supreme revelation of light. Domes of gold,
Realms of rose, in the Orient ! And breathless, and
bold,

While the great gates of heaven roll'd back one by one,
The bright herald angel stood stern in the sun !
Thrice holy Eospheros ! Light's reign began
In the heaven, on the earth, in the heart of the man.
The dawn on the mountains ! the dawn everywhere !
Light ! silence ! the fresh innovations of air !
O earth, and O ether ! A butterfly breeze
• Floated up, flutter'd down, and poised blithe on the
trees.

Through the revelling woods, o'er the sharp rippled
stream,

Up the vale slow uncoiling itself out of dream,
Around the brown meadows, adown the hill slope.

MAN'S FATE.

He leaps with a wail into being ; and lo !
His own mother, fierce Nature herself, is his foe.
Her whirlwinds are roused into wrath o'er his head :
'Neath his feet roll her earthquakes : her solitudes
spread
To daunt him : her forces dispute his command :
Her snows fall to freeze him : her suns burn to brand,
Her seas yawn to engulf him : her rocks rise to crush :
And the lion and leopard, allied, lurk to rush
On their startled Invader.

WAB.

'Twas the breath
War, yet drowsily yawning, began to suspire ;
Wherethrough, here and there, flash'd an eye of red fire,
And closed, from some rampart beginning to bellow

Hoarse challenge ; replied to anon, through the yellow
And sulphurous twilight : till day reel'd and rock'd
And roar'd into dark. Then the midnight was mock'd,
With fierce apparitions. Ring'd round by a rain
Of red fire, and of iron, the murtherous plain
Flared with fitful combustion ; where fitfully fell
Afar off the fatal, disgorged *scharpenelle*,
And fired the horizon, and singed the coil'd gloom
With wings of swift flame round that City of Doom.
So the day—so the night ! So by night, so by day,
With stern patient pathos, while time wears away,
In the trench flooded through, in the wind where it
wails,

In the snow where it falls, in the fire where it hails
Shot and shell—link by link, out of hardship and pain
Toil, sickness, endurance, is forged the bronze chain
Of those terrible siege-lines !

No change to that toil
Save the mine's sudden leap from the treacherous soil,
Save the midnight attack, save the groans of the maim'd
And Death's daily obolus due, whether claim'd
By man or by nature.

GOD'S LOVE.

The dial

,

Receives many shades, and each points to the sun.
 The shadows are many, the sunlight is one.
 Life's sorrows still fluctuate : God's love does not
 And His love is unchanged, when it changes our lot.
 Looking up to this light, which is common to all,
 And down to these shadows, on each side, that fall
 In time's silent circle, so various for each,
 Is it nothing to know that they never can reach
 So far, but what light lies beyond them for ever ?

ALL PASSING AND CHANGEFUL.

Life's vapours arise

And fall, pass and change, group themselves and revolve
 Round the great central life, which is Love : these
 dissolve
 And resume themselves, here assume beauty, there
 terror ;
 And the phantasmagoria of infinite error,
 And endless complexity, lasts but a while ;
 Life's self, the immortal, immutable smile

Of God on the soul, in the deep heart of Heaven
Lives changeless, unchanged: and our morning and
even
Are earth's alternations, not heaven's.

THE FIRST KISS.

O happy hush of heart to heart !
O moment molten through with bliss !
O Love, delaying long to part
That first fast, individual kiss !

LOVE'S MORNING FANCY.

Since we parted yester eve,
I do love thee, love, believe,
Twelve times dearer, twelve hours longer,
One dream deeper, one night stronger,
One sun surer,—thus much more
Than I loved thee, love, before.

MAN'S LAST STATE.

Some clerks aver that, as the tree doth fall,
Even for ever so the tree shall lie,

And that Death's act doth make perpetual
The last state of the souls of men that die.
If this be so,—if this, indeed, were sure,
Then not a moment longer would I live ;
Who, being now as I would fain endure,
If man's last state doth his last hour survive,
Should be among the blessèd souls. I fear
Life's many changes, not Death's changelessness.

DIVIDED LIVES.

O lives beloved, wherein mine once did live,
Thinking your thoughts, and walking in your ways,
On your dear preserçe pasturing all my days,
In pleasantness, and peace ; whose moods did give
The measure to my own ! how vainly strive
Poor Fancy's fingers, numb'd by time, to raise
This vail of woven years, that from my gaze
To hide what now you are doth still contrive !
Dear lives, I marvel if to you yet clings
Of mine some colour ; and my heart then feels
Much like the ghost of one who died too young
To be remember'd well, that sometimes steals

A family of unsad friends among
Sighing, and hears them talk of other things.

EARTH'S HAVINGS.

Weary the cloud falleth out o' the sky,
Dreary the leaf lieth low.
All things must come to the earth by and by,
Out of which all things grow.
And again the hawthorn pale
Shall blossom sweet i' the spring ;
And again the nightingale
In the deep blue nights shall sing ;
And seas o' the wind shall wave
In the light of the golden grain ;
But the love that is gone to his grave
Shall never return again.

CHESS.

Ere we were grown so sadly wise,
Those evenings in the bleak December,
Curtain'd warm from the snowy weather,
When you and I play'd chess together, •

Checkmated by each other's eyes ?

Ah, still I see your soft white hand
Hovering warm o'er Queen and Knight.

Brave Pawns in valiant battle stand :
The double Castles guard the wings :
The Bishop, bent on distant things,
Moves, sidling, through the fight.

Our fingers touch ; our glances meet,
And falter ; falls your golden hair

Against my cheek ; your bosom sweet
Is heaving. Down the field, your Queen
Rides slow her soldiery all between,
And checks me unaware.

Ah me ! the little battle's done,
Disperst is all its chivalry ;
Full many a move, since then, have we
'Mid Life's perplexing chequers made,
And many a game with Fortune play'd,—

What is it we have won ?

This, this at least—if this alone ;—
That never, never, never more,
As in those old still nights of yore,

(Ere we were grown so sadly wise)

- Can you and I shut out the skies,
Shut out the world, and wintry weather,
And, eyes exchanging warmth with eyes,
Play chess, as then we play'd, together !

HOME SICKNESS.

But often, wandering lonely, over seas,
At shut of day, in unfamiliar land,
What time the serious light is on the leas,
To me there comes a sighing after ease .
Much wanted, and an aching wish to stand
Knee-deep in English grass, and have at hand
A little churchyard cool, with native trees,
And grassy mounds thick-laced with ozier band,
Wherein to rest at last, nor further stray.
So, sad of heart, muse I, at shut of day,
On safe and quiet England ; till thought ails
With inward groanings deep for meadows gray,
Gray copses cool with twilight, shady dales,
Home-gardens, full of rest, where never may
Come loud intrusion ; and, what chiefly fails

My sick desire, old friendships fled away.

I am much vext with loss. Kind Memory, lay

My head upon thy lap, and tell me tales

Of the good old time, when all was pure and gay !

REQUIESCAT.

I sought to build a deathless monument

To my dead love. Therein I meant to place

All precious things and rare : as Nature blent

All single sweetnesses in one sweet face.

I could not build it worthy her mute merit,

Nor worthy her white brows and holy eyes,

Nor worthy of her perfect and pure spirit,

Nor of my own immortal memories.

* * * * * Ah see

Here are the fragments of my shatter'd pile !

I keep them, and the flowers that sprang between

Their broken workmanship—the flowers and weeds !

Sleep soft among the violets, O my Queen—

Lie calm among my ruin'd thoughts and deeds.



LORD LYTTON'S SPEECHES.

LORD LYTTON'S REPLY TO THE MANCHESTER DEPUTATION.

February 26th 1876.

I can assure you, Sir Thomas Bazley, that it has been of the very greatest advantage to me, which I fully appreciate to have had this opportunity of hearing from you the views and opinions of representatives of so many English interests in their connection with that great English dependency to which I am going. I have listened with the greatest and most particular attention to the expression of those opinions, and I am bound to say I do not think views and opinions could have been more moderately or more persuasively expressed, than they have been by the members of this deputation. You will not, of course, expect from me any detailed reply upon the very important questions to which you have very considerably called my attention. On one of those questions the policy of Her Majesty's Government has been most distinctly, repeatedly, emphatically, and honestly declared by the Secretary of State for India; I mean on the question of the cotton goods. I am sure we must all feel perfect faith in the sincerity and sympathy of those declarations, which have recorded what I may fairly call the fearless recognition on the part of Lord Salisbury of the impossibility practically of regarding as a permanent and unalterable source of Indian revenue those duties which, though levied ostensibly for revenue purposes, are undoubtedly in their effect, as regards a branch

of native manufacture—which, I confess, appears to me to be already favoured by natural advantages—protective, and I have no doubt prohibitive, as regards the same production of English manufactures. I am glad Sir T. Bazley alluded to the deputation which waited on Lord Salisbury the other day, because, if I rightly understand the policy of Her Majesty's Government on that subject, I must say I do not think it deserves to be called dictatorial. I do not see that there is anything dictatorial in the English Government saying to the Indian Government, or in the Secretary of State saying to the Viceroy, "We are joint guardians of a common interest, and we are of opinion that Indian interests must suffer in the long run if they are systematically regarded and treated not merely as apart from, but as antagonistic to, English interests; and therefore we ask you to consider with us the possibility of reducing, at the earliest possible opportunity, these cotton duties, and of reducing them in such a way as to provide if possible for their gradual but ultimate extinction. But of course in saying this, we do not suggest, much less dictate to you, the Government of India, when that opportunity shall be, or what is the best and most convenient way of taking this step. These are questions which we leave to your discretion, fully recognising the difficulties of your situation and the paramount and primary obligation of every Indian Government to make the two ends meet, and avoid deficit, debt, and fresh taxation." I must say I do not think that is an unreasonable request for the English Government to address to the Indian Government.

So far as I am personally concerned, I most frankly accept that point of departure for any future revision of the Indian tariff. But I am sure I need hardly ask you, in recognising the principles represented here by you, to recognise also the great difficulties which surround every step that at all appears to involve the possibility of even a temporary derangement between income and expenditure in India. I heard a friend, to whom I was speaking a few days ago, liken the Indian Government to Gulliver tied down by the Lilliputians. It is apparently a great and despotic power, but its exercise of that power is contracted in all directions. The proverb reminds us that "Don Fernando cannot do more than a man can do," and that "a cat has only got its skin." I am afraid that at present the Indian revenue is a very lean cat, and a very shy cat, and a cat whose skin won't bear very much stretching. The Government of India is charged with an extremely difficult task, as it seems to me, because it has to provide for the necessary cost of the maintenance of European State out of the meagre resources of an Asiatic revenue, and the natural growth of that revenue, although promising, is certainly very slow while every great department of the Indian Government is continually putting to it the old highwayman's "Your money or your life!" It has to face that question every day. It must pay or stop. That is the eternal fact of its position, and that is the problem—how it is to pay. I am afraid there are many considerations which will make the solution of that problem more and more difficult. India, as Mr. Cheetham truly said, in spite

of its great territories, is a poor country, a country which is poor because the people are poor. About a third of the whole Indian revenue is now spent in England, and I fear that is a proportion which is increasing rather than otherwise. There is another fact. The value of the merchandise exported from India greatly exceeds the Indian imports, and the quantity of treasure annually imported into India, during the last five years, has been steadily declining. Of course this affects the value of silver injuriously, and the price of silver has been so much depreciated by various recent circumstances, that at the present moment the Indian Government loses about 3*d.* on every rupee in the very heavy remittances it makes to England. And these remittances are getting heavier and heavier. They must do so from various reasons. In 1837, I found, looking into these facts the other day, that the amount of these sums required by the home treasury on behalf of India amounted to only £2,500,000. In the present year they are estimated at £15,000,000. One of the causes of that increase no doubt, is the expenditure in India of about £2,000,000 of capital provided from Europe by the railway companies. But so long as that expenditure was in progress, the sums required for it were deposited by the railway companies in the home treasury. Now the amount of these deposits has fallen below the amount of the withdrawals, and henceforward we must reckon on making remittances from India to England without the assistance of the railway companies. That is one difficulty. Then the famine has bequeathed to the debt which India pays in England an

addition of about £5,000,000 ; and in consequence of the mutiny, the whole charges on behalf of military expenses for re-organisation of the European army in India appear to me, in spite of every effort of restraint, to have a tendency to increase rather than to diminish. I do not think that is a very agreeable situation. I do not think one must live too much in a fool's paradise about surpluses which are, I fear, more or less book-keeping surpluses. The Indian Government must, above everything else, pay its way and make both ends meet. Mr. Cheetham and Sir Thomas Bazley both alluded to a consideration which, I confess, has very much occupied and interested me, and that is the possibility of encouraging native investments. I have very much considered the results of the small loans in France. You have more or less in France to deal with a similar state of things. You had in France a peasant proprietary more independent, more thriving, more industrious, perhaps, more hard-working, and with savings larger, but up to a recent period they were buried, and were so much dead capital. By these small subscriptions, this capital has been mobilised, and has enormously increased the wealth of France. I have no doubt we have a similar situation in India, and I think it is a prospect to be very much studied. But, of course, that is a slow means of giving elasticity to the revenue, and the revenue, by its natural growth, increases so slowly, that you cannot reckon upon it to heal very rapidly any breach you make in income. The difficulty of the cotton duties appears to be this : They are estimated at £900,000, about half the Customs revenue. I need not

remind you that the question of diminishing that revenue has been recently dealt with by my predecessor. I find that situation when I go there. If, however, you diminish largely and rapidly one item of revenue by a reduction of taxation in one direction, the question arises whether you can replace it with taxation in another direction. I do not presume to remind you of all these facts with a view of for one moment qualifying the principle you have represented or my frank acceptance of it, but simply to bespeak your indulgence for the difficulties which I anticipate in carrying out that principle. Sir T. Bazley has said that the final word upon these duties is that they are condemned. I accept most frankly that position. But I look upon Indian finance with so much apprehension—it seems to me fraught with so many tremendous problems. There is hardly a source of Indian revenue, as I think, that political economy would quite approve of if there were a choice. For instance, there are the *octroi* duties, which have been mentioned. These are decidedly objectionable in theory. But then the Indians tell me that they are regarded as a source of municipal revenue, and that they press very little upon the people; that they are not much felt, and are probably a more popular tax than any other which could be devised for the same purpose. And though it is undoubtedly true that if you add the *octroi* duty, which is paid on imported cottons, to the duty which those cottons pay at the port, they are heavily handicapped, still it is fair to remember that the *octroi* duties are not differential as regards cottons except in those towns which are actually

the seats of native manufacture. They are not transit duties, but are levied on the actual consumption of goods within certain circumscribed limits of townships where they are assessed: and I believe the reason why these *octroi* duties not long ago were imposed upon cotton goods was, that representations were made to the Government that if you are to have *octroi* duties at all, they must be equally assessed upon rich and poor, and that the acceptance of that principle involved the subjection of cotton goods to these *octroi* duties. I can only repeat that I merely venture to remind you of these facts with the view of bespeaking your indulgence for my own efforts in dealing with all these questions, which are, of course, so new to me. I cannot thank you enough for the trouble you have taken in so kindly giving me an opportunity of talking them over with you. I shall lay very much to heart and bear in mind, I think, every one of the valuable suggestions and observations which you have been so kind as to make to me, and I am most grateful to you for the opportunity you have given me of hearing them.

Mr. JACOB BRIGHT said there were two ways of making "both ends meet": one by increasing income, and the other by reducing expenditure. All governments had too great a tendency to increase expenditure unless there were some countervailing influence. In England and other countries with Parliaments, there were often very strong influences in the opposite direction; but in India, where there was not much influence of that sort, it was extremely likely that a tendency towards growth of expense existed,

which was not justifiable, and which might be corrected by a strong will.

LORD LYTTON was fully impressed with this fact.

Mr. BRIGHT hoped His Lordship would find it possible to make a change in that respect, and so far to reduce expenditure as might have the effect of giving the people relief with regard to taxation.

LORD LYTTON replied that one of the great difficulties of the Indian Government arose from the fact that the departments were always, like the daughter of the horseleech, crying "Give, give," but an inducement to resist temptations to expenditure was found in the dire and terrible necessity of the situation, with which no Government could consciously trifle, for they were living on the edge of a knife financially, and had no provision for a day of need, although such a day must always be regarded as at hand. He believed there had been very wasteful expenditure on public works. Still it must be remembered, that we had to keep up the efficiency of our services in India.

The interview was then brought to a close, having lasted an hour and a half.

SPEECH TO THE VICEREGAL COUNCIL.

*
April 13th 1876.

GENTLEMEN,—Before we leave this room, I wish, with your permission, to say a few words to those around me, whom I now meet for the first time.

In virtue of the Royal Warrant, which has just been read, and by the favour of our Most Gracious Sovereign, I have now assumed the office of Her Majesty's Viceroy and Governor-General of India. He who assumes this high office becomes thereby the inheritor of a great duty bequeathed to him by great men, whose manner of discharging it has made their names a part of English history.

Yet so unsparing are its obligations, that in many instances, not their talents only, but their lives, have been exacted.

Nevertheless, Gentlemen, arduous as is undoubtedly the task before me, I have not shrunk, I do not, I cannot, for one moment, shrink from it, because I know that, in the faithful fulfilment of that task, according to the best of my abilities, I may confidently reckon upon the loyal support of able and experienced colleagues. I know, too, that in all our efforts to confirm the stability and promote the welfare of this great Empire, we shall be sustained by the sympathy of our countrymen in every part of the world, the generous appreciation of the people of India, and the confidence of our beloved Sovereign.

Gentlemen, it is the tendency of this pre-eminently social age to leave nowhere isolated, nowhere wholly self-sufficient, any important group of social, or economic, interests. The vast development which has lately been effected in the means of inter-communication, the recent and rapid march of events, both in Asia and in Europe, and the ever-increasing proximity of the Eastern and Western worlds;—all these things have undoubtedly rendered more complex, and

therefore more laborious, more anxious, than of old, the duties of the Government of India.

But what our position has thus lost in simplicity, it gains I think, in grandeur; as the interests affected by it become more numerous, and its influence more widely felt.

Gentlemen, discussions have recently been raised in Parliament and elsewhere, on the relative position of the Home and Indian Governments. If I now allude to those discussions, it is because my own name has been introduced into them, and I therefore deem myself entitled to take the earliest opportunity in my power of endeavouring to remove from your minds any doubt which such discussions may have suggested as to the profound sense of personal responsibility with which I assume my place at this table.

As the mariner who knows the noble nature of the element to which he trusts his course, so, fearlessly confiding in that frank and open spirit which I believe to be the special attribute of English character; I say, broadly, that from whatever party the Queen's Government may at any time be formed, I, in my personal capacity here, shall at all times be ready, on your behalf, to welcome its timely and constitutional co-operation as a guarantee for the salutary freedom of our deliberations, and the undisputed dignity of our authority.

By the generous confidence with which I am already honored on the part of my noble friend, the Secretary of State for India, and Her Majesty's present responsible advisers in England, I feel myself strongly supported. But I trust, Gentlemen, that it may be my good fortune, as it

certainly is my most earnest desire, to win from your sympathies a support no less generous, no less considerate, no less gratefully appreciated.

Aided by your advice, and relying on your trusted experience, it will be my unremitting endeavour to keep a strict watch over the economical management and cautious progress of our administration. Such economy and caution are, indeed, specially imposed upon us by the unprecedented disturbance of our currency at the present moment. But I shall also claim your co-operation in providing, with unflinching firmness, for the safety and repose of the Empire.

Gentlemen, it is my fervent prayer that a Power higher than that of any earthly Government, may inspire and bless the progress of our counsels ; granting me, with your valued assistance, to direct them to such issues as may prove conducive to the honor of our country, to the authority and prestige of its august Sovereign, to the progressive well-being of the millions committed to our fostering care, and to the security of the Chiefs and Princes of India, as well as of allies beyond the Frontier, in the undisturbed enjoyment of their just rights and hereditary possessions.

In that case, Gentlemen, I shall indulge a hope that, if life and health be vouchsafed me to reach the term of my official tenure, I may then have merited some measure of that esteem and regard with which your thoughts will follow hence my distinguished predecessor, when he quits these shores, some claim upon kindly feelings akin to those with which our wonted sympathies and good wishes will assuredly

accompany his progress through every fresh phase of a career, already conspicuous, already rich, in high achievement. .

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF WELCOME FROM
THE BRITISH INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

April 20th 1876.

MR. PRESIDENT, NOBLEMEN, AND GENTLEMEN,—

It is gratifying to me to receive my first address of welcome to Calcutta from an Association of influential Native Gentlemen, whose enlightened activity in support of the interests they represent, and in the cause of social science, is already honourably known to me.

As the Queen's Representative in this country, I cordially appreciate the spirit of loyal attachment to Her Throne which characterizes the language of your address.

Having recently been honoured by my August Mistress with frequent opportunities of learning from Her own lips how sincere is Her solicitude for the welfare of Her Indian subjects, I deem it my duty to assure you that there is no portion of the Queen's vast and varied dominions more cherished by Her Majesty than this ancient home of that great Aryan race from which the Hindoo and the Britain claim a common ancestry.

For the kind expressions of confidence and good-will with which you have been pleased to allude to myself, I thank you sincerely.

It is true, as you remark in your address, that I have not hitherto served the Crown in India. But I can honestly

say that I have always felt a deep interest in the history and traditions, and also (so far as the labours of others have rendered it accessible to me) in the literature, of a land which has enriched the memory of mankind with fables older than *Æsop's* and heroic songs of higher ethic strain than *Homer's*.

All who are associated in the administration of such an Empire as this are the trustees of mighty interests; and I assure you that no Governor-General ever felt more deeply than I do the responsibility of the charge confided to him. To conduct the Government of India with firmness, moderation, and impartiality, will be my constant endeavour.

You allude in loyal terms to the recent auspicious visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, and to the intention of our Gracious Sovereign to add to her present titles one which will specially identify the Crown of England with its Imperial possessions in India.

You rightly recognize in these acts fresh proofs of the unceasing and solicitous affection with which this Empire is regarded by the Queen and Her Majesty's august family.

India has enjoyed under the rule of my distinguished predecessor a period of unusual tranquillity. The foresight and fortitude of the late Viceroy enabled him to make timely and ample provision for a great famine, without disturbing the natural course of trade; and, although, indeed, the sudden and continued depreciation in the value of silver, to which you have alluded, is a phenomenon which cannot be contemplated without the most serious anxiety,

yet, thanks to the sagacity with which they have been administered during the last four years, this difficulty finds our finances in a sound condition.

Nothing, however, can better promote those efforts for the continued security and increasing prosperity of the Empire which will certainly be made by myself, and my honorable colleagues, than the hearty support of unofficial, but influential, bodies such as the Association which you so worthily represent.

We shall at all times be willing to consider your views and suggestions on those subjects to which your attention has been given, knowing, as we do, that the true interests of the people and its Government are identical.

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE CALCUTTA
TRADES ASSOCIATION.

April 21st 1876.

MR. JENNINGS, WARDENS, AND MEMBERS, CALCUTTA TRADES ASSOCIATION,—

It gives me sincere pleasure to receive the congratulations you offer me on my assumption of the office of Viceroy and Governor-General of India.

I share your satisfaction at the present tranquil state of affairs in this country. I shall not fail to take advantage of it by devoting my time to those pressing financial and administrative questions which demand early attention.

The manifestations of hearty loyalty evinced by the

people of India, during the visit of His Royal Highness the Prince of Wales, have been warmly appreciated by the Queen, and cannot fail to draw closer the bonds of sympathy which already unite Her Majesty's British and Indian subjects in common allegiance to the Throne.

In making himself personally acquainted with this important portion of Her Majesty's Empire, the Prince of Wales carried out a long-cherished object; and His Royal Highness expressed to me, not many weeks ago, the intense pleasure he had derived from its realization, and the value he attached to the sympathy and devotion with which he had been received by all classes of the Queen's subjects in this country.

I cordially agree with you that India must be governed with special regard to its own interests; but I cannot believe that English and Indian interests, rightly understood, can ever be really conflicting, although there may be, at times, an apparent or temporary rivalry between them.

You have referred in your address to the question of the cotton duties. So far as I am yet aware, nobody in or out of India seriously desires to see these duties maintained for purely protective purposes. It is therefore only as an item of revenue that their maintenance can properly be advocated. But all revenue duties are not equally unobjectionable; and were our finances in such a condition as to admit of any reduction in those sources of revenue which are derived from taxes on consumption, I must frankly say that I would gladly see our tariff purged, not only of

these cotton duties, but also of some others, which I can not regard with unmitigated satisfaction.

But you have fairly observed that the import duties on cotton manufactures represent a large proportion of our whole customs revenue; and starting as we do this year, with a surplus unavoidably reduced to the very narrowest limits; pursued, in spite of all our precautions, by an expenditure, of which the natural tendency is to increase; and, confronted by the still unconjecturable consequences of depreciated currency, I think that no one responsible for the financial administration of this Empire would at present venture to make the smallest reduction in any of its limited sources of income.

Let me, however, take this opportunity of assuring you that, so far as I am aware, the abolition or reduction of the cotton duties, at the cost of adding one six-pence to the taxation of this country, has never been advocated, or even contemplated, by Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India. It is due to Lord Salisbury that I should remind you of this, and give my honest testimony to the unselfish assiduity and generous consideration with which his whole time and attention are devoted to questions affecting the interests of this country,—questions which he is naturally bound to consider from an imperial and parliamentary point of view. It is due to myself and the confidence you express in my character, that I should also assure you, on my own behalf, that nothing will ever induce me to tax the people of India for any exclusive benefit to their English fellow-subjects. I deeply share your

interest in the prosperity of our native manufactures, and your appreciation of their importance; but I look forward to the day when these promising growths of native industry, leaning on no artificial support, will flourish in the bracing climate of free commercial competition.

I have now frankly indicated to you my own views in regard to this question. But on this and every other subject my judgment is entirely unbiassed. Whilst accepting to the fullest extent, the manifold responsibilities of the power entrusted to my hands,—a power which I believe to be unreservedly recognized by those on whose advice Her Majesty has been pleased to invest me with it,—I welcome, as the pleasantest of my duties as Governor-General, the most unrestricted recourse to the valuable advice and assistance of those experienced administrators who are associated with me in the Government of this Empire.

I gladly recognize in your Association the mouthpiece of an important section of the non-official community of Calcutta, and I wish you every prosperity.

REPLY TO THE ADDRESS FROM THE
MAHOMEDAN LITERARY SOCIETY.

April 21st, 1876.

Mr. President, Noblemen, and Gentlemen,—

I thank you sincerely for your kind address, of welcome.

I regard with much satisfaction the good work in which your Society has been engaged, during the past fourteen

years of its existence, and it will, at all times, afford me sincere pleasure to encourage and support, by such means as may be in my power, your well-timed efforts in the cause of Mahomedan education in India.

It so happens that, at various periods of my professional career, and in many parts of the world, I have been on terms of private intimacy, as well as official intercourse, with Mahomedan statesman and gentlemen, unsurpassed in political sagacity, or general scholarship, by the most illustrious of my acquaintances. I shall always esteem it a privilege to have known such men, and to have been honoured by their friendship. You may therefore be assured of my desire to see possessed and appreciated, by all the Queen's Mahomedan subjects in India, every possible opportunity of intellectual culture. But the opportunity can only be created by the desire for it ; and, on this subject, I need not remind you of the wise and weighty words which were recently addressed to you by Lord Northbrook, whose sympathetic interest in the success of your Association I sincerely share.

The social advancement of the people of this vast Empire is indeed an undertaking worthy of a great Government. But no efforts on our part can avail without the hearty co-operation of gentlemen of position and influence like yourselves.

I heartily wish you well in the continuance of your labours ; and I shall watch with much interest the progress of a Society which has merited the encouragement received by it from all my predecessors.

REPLY TO THE BURRA BAZAAR LITERARY
CLUB.

April 22nd, 1876.

Mr. President, Vice-President and Members of the Burra Bazar Literary Club,—I thank you for your congratulations on my assumption of the office of Viceroy and Governor-General.

. The objects of your Society are such as to merit encouragement, and you may rely on my sympathy in your philanthropic efforts.

I pray that the blessings of peace, contentment, and prosperity, may continue among the people of this land, and that the education of the masses may ever form the landmark of British rule in India.

SPEECH AT THE SIMLA FINE ARTS
EXHIBITION.

September 20th, 1876.

His Excellency the Viceroy then rose, and in clear tones, and with excellent delivery, spoke as follows :—

“ Mr. Vice-President, Ladies and Gentlemen :—Whilst listening to the words in which you, Sir, just now reminded us of the circumstances of last year, it occurred to me that the opening of this Exhibition on that occasion was not altogether without a certain resemblance to the opening of the tragedy of Macbeth. I beg leave to assure our lady friends, that I do not presume to allude to the presence of

witches on that occasion (*laughter*). The witches of Macbeth, as we all know, were only three in number ; and we have been recently reminded by some delightful performances in your hospitable house, Mr. Vice-President, that those three witches had also three very disagreeable qualities. In the first place, they were old ; in the second place they were ugly (*laughter*), and, in the third place, they were spiteful (*laughter*). Therefore, I have no doubt that, if those three witches had been caught by that venerable authority, the Wisdom of our Ancestors, they would, for all these three reasons, have been most deservedly consigned to the flames. It was probably from a wholesome apprehension of some such contingency that, as we know, they habitually hid themselves in night and storm, haunting desert heaths and mountain caves, and scattering horror and terror around them by the exercise of their magic charms. But, ladies and gentlemen, the witches who were good enough to preside at the opening of this Exhibition last year, and whom I rejoice to see around us on this occasion also, differ from those witches of Macbeth in every possible particular. In the first place, I am happy to say, they are more numerous ; in the second place, instead of being either old, ugly, or spiteful, they appear to be young, lovely, and amiable (*loud cheers*) ;—instead of hiding themselves in dens and caves, they venture forth with apparent impunity, displaying and exercising their dangerous charms in the face of open day (*cheers and laughter*). Those charms inspire sentiments quite the reverse of horror and terror ; and so far from running any

risk, of being themselves consigned to the flames, I very much fear that the witches of Simla are more likely to inflame the hearts of others (*cheers and laughter*). For all these reasons, therefore, ladies and gentlemen, it is not to the witches that I meant to allude ; but to something much more commonplace, which was referred to by our Vice-President—I mean the weather. I gather from him that if the Exhibition of last year did not open “in thunder, lightning, and in rain,” yet that it opened, at least, in “fog and filthy air ;” in short, the day was so preternaturally dark and gloomy that the pictures on these walls were scarcely visible even to the appreciative eye of the President or the Vice-President. Well, ladies and gentlemen, we meet to-day under somewhat brighter conditions ; and yet, as our Vice-President has reminded us, there is a shade—a double shade—on our meeting ; something of darkness from those events which although past away, leave their shadows behind them—and I must add also from those coming events which cast their shadows before them ;—a sense of regret for friends departed, and for friends departing. I feel, myself, a certain sense of strangeness in the knowledge that I am standing here in the place which was so recently and so gracefully occupied by one whom you must especially miss upon occasions like the present, and in connection with this Society. Well, he is gone ; but he is gone only to another sphere of public utility, whence we may hope to receive frequent tidings of his sayings and doings. But, ladies and gentlemen, there are others whose absence is a silence, unbroken by report, uncheered by expectation.

I need hardly remind you that, amongst the illustrious personages who took a prominent interest in the welfare of this Society, was His Highness the late Maharaja of Puttiala. That judicious Prince, wishing to encourage a taste for art amongst his own countrymen, contributed to our Society a prize for the best production by a native artist. I believe the prize was won last year by a member of the Princely House of Travancore; and I understand from the Secretary that a member of the same House, Rama Soami Naidu—has won the Society's second prize this year for a figure subject. (*Cheers*).

But there is a shadow from the future which, on me, at least, falls more directly. I am afraid that this is, in all probability, the last occasion on which we are likely to have the pleasure of listening to the voice of our Vice-President. Mr. Hobhouse's return to England, next year, will deprive the Society of his cultivated and valuable assistance. My own personal loss will be greater, and I hope that what I am about to say will not be regarded by my friend, Mr. Hobhouse, as a conventional attempt to return to him the unmerited compliment which he was so good as to pay me. While listening to it, I was reminded of the first occasion on which I had the privilege of making the acquaintance of a very eminent man—Alphonse de Lamartine. At that time, Monsieur de Lamartine had retired from public life, and was living under the cold shade of the Empire, but surrounded by the various warmth of affectionate and admiring friends; and when I happened to be presented to him, there was also present a young French Poet, who, bow-

ing profoundly to our illustrious host, assured Monsieur de Lamartine that he (Lamartine) was the greatest poet in the world. Monsieur de Lamartine, with that modesty which is so characteristic of his countrymen, replied; "No, Sir, I am not the greatest poet in the world, but I should have been the greatest poet in the world, could I only have found adequate expression for all the feelings and sentiments of my heart." And so with regard to what Mr. Hobhouse was kind enough to say about my proficiency in Art, I can only "lay its flattering unction to my soul," by reflecting that, although I am not an artist, I might perhaps have been an artist, if I had only known how to draw, or how to paint. (*cheers and laughter*). But I was about to remind you, ladies and gentlemen, that there are laws more difficult to master, and more inconvenient to disobey, than the gentle laws of art. The venerable goddess, Themis, is an astute and stern divinity. She has contrived to survive all her pagan sisterhood, as I believe by taking out letters of British naturalization for her own immortality, which have enabled her to extend its sway over the multitudinous inhabitants of this vast and complex Empire, whether they be the hardy children of our own island home, or subtle dwellers in the soft cities of Bengal, martial descendants of the old warriors of the Mahratta, or clansmen of the cloudy hills around us here. And, therefore, the tasks imposed by this exacting old goddess upon her official representative in the Government of India, are neither light nor easy ones; but I must be allowed to say, and I say it with sincere and most grateful admiration, that

to the accomplishment of those tasks, my honorable colleague has brought an intellect, keen edged as the sword, and a judgment weighty as the balance, which tradition places in the hands of the goddess herself (*cheers*). Nor this alone, but thereto he has added that "touch of feeling" which is said "to make the whole world kin;" and which assuredly, in his case, has made kindly his personal influence over that portion of the world, to the interests of which the last five years of his public career have been so beneficently devoted (*cheers*). But, ladies and gentlemen, I did not come here either to praise Cæsar or to bury him; and I gladly turn to those more cheerful anticipations which are suggested, and, I think, justified by the report of our Secretary.

I believe that our financial position, to which our Secretary discreetly refrained from alluding (*laughter*) is what I may call a modest one. But then, in this instance, Modesty is the daughter of Generosity. Our income and expenditure are, it is true, very nicely balanced, and we cannot boast of a large and increasing surplus. But then, large and increasing surpluses are quite incompatible with the essential object of this Society—an object with which I am sure that my honorable colleague, Sir Andrew Clarke, would warmly sympathise, because it is the encouragement and development of extraordinary works (*laughter*). And if by some rare and most fortunate miracle, there should happen to be amongst my hearers present in this room, any gentleman who is not yet completely convinced of the absolute perfection of some favourite nostrum of his own

for enhancing the value of depreciated silver, I would most strongly recommend that open-minded gentleman to lose no time in investing his rupees in the funds of our Society ; for I can assure him that, in that case, his rupees will be very highly appreciated (*cheers and laughter*). But ladies and gentlemen, if our works are not financially remunerative, I think I may say that they are æsthetically reproductive in the best sense of the word—reproductive, I mean with fidelity and intelligence of the beauties of nature, and the achievements of man in some of their noblest, some of their loveliest aspects (*cheers*). Our veteran contributor and prize-man, Colonel Baigrie, has enabled us to exhibit this year some admirable illustrations of the opulent vegetation, and grandiose geology of the Dufra country. The prolific pencil of Sir Richard Temple is not, perhaps so profusely represented on this occasion, as usual ; but he has kindly contributed to our exhibition to-day a very striking souvenir of his recent visit to Nepal. You probably all know that Sir Richard Temple's pen is quite as graphic as his pencil. Since his return from Khatmandoo, I have had the pleasure to receive from him a very interesting and valuable account of his *impressions de voyage* as a *Statesman* ; and we have now received from him a no less interesting pictorial record of his *impressions de voyage* as an *Artist*. I refer to the powerful sketch by him, of the old Hindoo temple at Patun, near Khatmandoo. In connection with that picture I may perhaps venture to point out that what we may properly call " Temple Art"—I mean the art we especially admire in temples—receives from our Exhibition to-day a triple

illustration. In the first place there is the picture to which I have alluded of the old temple at Patun. *That* Temple represents the art of the past ; but the skill with which the sketch of it is painted assures us of the existence of another very artistic Temple, specially belonging to the present ; and, I think, I may also say that the production of the painter's son are proofs that, in point of art, the Temple of the future will rival even the Temple of the present, and continue to command our admiration (*cheers*).

Then, ladies and gentlemen, for purity of color, and breadth of handling, I would commend to your attention the landscapes by Captain Ayrton Pullan and Colonel Hancock. There is, in the room upstairs, a little sketch by the last-named gentleman of the Bombay sands at ebb-tide, which appears to me a perfect gem of pure water-coloring. Let me also mention a picture by Colonel Cave, of "Evening on the Lake of Jhansi." I am quite sure you will agree with me that this picture is full of poetry, and that it is most felicitous in its daring, but delicate, reproduction of atmospheric effects. Then Captain Martin has kindly enabled us to decorate our walls with what I may call two strings of small pictorial pearls. They are, indeed, so small that I fear you might overlook them if I did not take this opportunity of directing your discriminating attention to the delicate fancy of the one, and the pleasant humour of the other. My friend, Colonel Colley, who I am glad to see amongst the prize-men, has contributed to the Exhibition to-day, not only numerous water-color designs of rare excellence by English artists, but two from his own ac-

complished hand, which, much as I admire those fine old water-colourists, Prout and Cattermole, affect me more sensibly than any works of theirs that I can call to mind, with a feeling of that mysterious fusion between the vague and the definite, the vast and the minute, which is specially characteristic of cathedral architecture (*cheers*).

But it is the ladies who have been our most liberal contributors this year. I was not surprised to hear from the Secretary that they have even sent us a hamper of Ripston pipins (*laughter*), for the tributes of fruits and flowers with which they have honored our Exhibition, on this occasion, are as numerous and abundant as those which, the generosity of a Hill Rajah bestows upon a travelling Viceroy (*laughter*). In this department of art, I would beg to offer my personal tribute of admiration to the passion flowers and Bramantias of Mrs. Jenkinson; and to the wood fungi of Mrs. Whympers. At the risk, too, of what may perhaps be a *mi piace* criticism, I cannot refrain from recording my own impression that one of the most thoroughly artistic works of our Exhibition this year—that is to say, if you judge it fairly all round—in conception, as well as execution, is the study of a Mussoorie lily by Miss West. It appears to me that in this picture the artist has, with rare felicity, combined, with a very high degree of imaginative idealism, an equally high degree of realistic accuracy, and perfect mastery over the mechanism of her art (*cheers*) I am grateful to observe that in one of the interesting sketches, Mrs. Hobhouse has not only pictorially but judiciously reminded the Government of India of what it is

sometimes less wisely encouraged to forget—the existence of the India Office (*laughter*). There is also a young lady—may I be permitted to mention her name? Miss Bayley—whose contributions this year are so full of promise that I cannot but hope she will be encouraged to cultivate our society (*cheers*). But we should be ungrateful if we did not express our thanks for the very handsome contributions of game, which we have received from Mrs. Graham. In looking at and admiring them, I was reminded of a story told me many years ago by that great animal painter, Sir Edwin Landseer. Sir Edwin had been showing to a friend of his a picture recently painted by himself representing a group of rabbits, and when he said “Mr. So-and-So, what do you think of my rabbits?” his friend replied with great deliberation—“Well, upon my soul, my dear Edwin, do you know now, I should really say that between you and me now, there is more life in those rabbits—well, than one commonly finds in rabbits” (*cheers and laughter*). If I might venture to reverse the observation of that discriminating gentleman, I should say, in looking at those dead birds of Mrs. Graham’s—well, I should say that there is more death in those birds than one commonly finds in birds (*cheers and much laughter*).

But I must apologise, ladies and gentlemen, for the length at which I have detained your attention. A poet has said that art is long but life is short; and, really, life is much too short for long discourses upon art. There is an aphorism by an old Latin Philosopher, that poetry is vocal painting, painting mute poetry. I think that aphorism

exceedingly pretty, but I don't think it quite true. All good painting has an intense and articulate language of its own, and the most and the utmost, we can any of us say about it or of it, is much less to the point than what it can say for itself.

You may perhaps remember, ladies and gentlemen, that when the Greek Orator, Hyperides, was defending the cause of the beautiful Phryne, it occurred to him that the best way of winning that cause would be to cease speaking and unveil his client. He did so ; and at once her judges became her admirers. Allow me, ladies and gentlemen, to imitate that wise example. Allow me to cease speaking and unveil my client—in other words, to declare this Exhibition open.

(His Excellency resumed his seat amid loud cheers.)

SPEECH ON THE OUDH LAND REVENUE BILL

October 9th, 1876.

His Excellency Lord Lytton said : 'Before I put the question, which has been moved by the Hon'ble Mr. Inglis, I wish to say a very few words in general reference to the subject of this Bill. It is not in my power to add anything nor is it necessary that I should attempt to add anything in the way of explanation, to the much that has been already written and spoken, and more especially to what we have heard to-day from the hon'ble member who moved that the Bill do now pass, respecting the details of this important measure, the circumstances which have rendered

it necessary, or the numerous objects it is intended to effect. But the probable result of the motion with which I shall conclude these remarks, is one upon which I desire to offer the sincere congratulations and grateful acknowledgments of the Government of India—in the first place, to those able and experienced administrators, Sir George Couper and Mr. Inglis, as also to the Judicial Commissioner in Oudh, Mr. Currie, who, by their valuable advice and energetic assistance, have enabled the Committee to bring this Bill to what we hope and believe to be a satisfactory completion; and in the next place, I wish to offer a similar, and no less cordial acknowledgment to his Highness the Maharaja of Bulrampore, and to those influential native noblemen and gentlemen of Oudh, whose intelligent co-operation and unprejudiced criticism has so materially aided the Government of India, in its endeavour to reconcile the reasonable interests of the talukdars with that degree of security which the State, in its supreme capacity as the impartial guardian of all classes and interests, is bound to provide, not only for the collection of its own revenues, but also for the rights of subordinate holders, and the adequate protection of the actual cultivator of the soil.

It is with special satisfaction I remark that our deliberations to-day have taken place in the presence of some of those gentlemen who so worthily represent the intelligence and loyalty of the talukdars of Oudh; because I am thereby afforded the opportunity of publicly vindicating in their hearing the character of this Government, from a very serious accusation—and, I must say, I think a very odious

accusation—which has been publicly preferred against it by a writer of considerable eminence and authority. In a recent work by him upon the primitive forms of property, M. Emile de Lavalaye, the distinguished Belgian publicist, has recorded and criticised the course of Indian legislation, in reference to land tenures in Oudh. Now, no doubt, that subject is a very complicated and difficult one; but, I fear, it cannot be said that M. de Lavalaye has treated it with his usual care and candour; indeed, his statements on this subject appear to me to have been made under a total misconception, not only of the principles, but also of the plainest facts of our Indian land legislation. Those statements, however, have so special a reference to the questions with which this Bill is concerned, that before I notice them more particularly in detail, it may perhaps be convenient to revert for a moment to the origin and object of the measure now before us.

The primary object of this Bill is, as we have heard from my hon'ble friend Mr. Inglis, to clarify the laws relating to land revenue in Oudh, which have been obscured by Section 26 of Indian Council's Act.

That section declares to be law a great number of merely executive orders and regulations which were never intended to be law at all. Mr. Hobhouse gave us, the other day, the number of enactments which have been, more or less, applied in Oudh, subject to indefinite qualifications, by the Executive Order of February 1856; and if rightly recollected, it was no less than two hundred and forty-seven. I gathered from his lucid analysis of the state of the law in

Oudh that it consisted, firstly, of the spirit of the Bengal Regulations modified by custom ; secondly, of a few Acts of Council having special application to Oudh ; and, thirdly, of this mass of executive orders to which I have referred, and of which, I believe, it was said by a very eminent former member of this Council (Sir Henry Maine), that he could rarely read one of them without being in doubt whether it was intended to convey a sarcasm, or to lay down a rule. Well, the present system of land revenue in Oudh which this Bill, when passed, will materially modify, and, we trust, greatly improve, was based on the Punjab system, as that system existed in what I suppose I may call the pre-scientific era, that is to say, before it had been codified by Mr. Fitzjames Stephen and Mr. Egerton ; and the Bill now before us was, I believe, when first introduced, drawn upon the lines of the Punjab Act XXXIII. of 1871. Since then it has, I need not say, been copiously recast in general accordance with the principles of the North-West Provinces Act XIX. of 1873.

Now, it is quite unnecessary for me to follow this Bill through all its previous stages to the final and definite form in which we hope to pass it to-day. The history of the Bill has been very ably sketched by hon'ble members who, not only on this but on former occasions, have spoken on the subject of it. And, in listening to the interesting account they have given us of the progress of this measure, I have often been reminded of a very curious and very extraordinary statement (a statement almost as extraordinary as those of M. de Lavalaye) by an old Greek writer, who

seriously affirms it to be a fact in natural history, that the eagle habitually lays three eggs, sits upon two, and hatches only one. Now, however untrustworthy that statement may be, in regard to the natural history of eagles, I think it is at least more or less applicable to the natural history of the legislative incubations and productions of a Government which, like this of India, has to legislate with careful reference to the most complex, the most curious, and the most delicate diversities and varieties of difference in the fundamental social facts of the numerous dissimilar communities whose rights and interests are committed to its charge. In fact, the Indian Legislature, in reference to subjects like the present, is obliged to deal with its Bills much in the same way as the eagle has been said to deal with her eggs; that is to say, the Bills finally brought into legal existence, represent only the carefully selected residuum of numerous projects and principles, which, in the meantime, have been sedulously tested and silently eliminated in Committee.

I believe that the great difficulties with which the Committee have had to deal in framing the present Bill, have arisen out of the exceeding complexity of the relations of the population of Oudh—on the one hand to the soil, on the other hand to the State. The population is composed, broadly speaking, of three dissimilar, yet closely inter-related classes. In the first place, there are the talukdars; then, there are the rest of the proprietors and the village communities; and lastly, there are the under-proprietors and other subordinate holders.

The talukdars are directly responsible to Government for the payment of the land revenue assessed on their estates, as are also the other proprietors and village communities; while the under-proprietors and subordinate holders pay the revenue assessed on their lands to a talukdar, or some other superior proprietor, in addition to the share of the profits to which he is entitled.

The Government of India, therefore, in legislating on the subject of land revenue in Cudli, has had to consider most carefully, not only the relative rights of the talukdars, superior proprietors, under-proprietors, and subordinate holders, but also the 'grounds on which those rights repose in ancient usage and custom, as well as the conditions whereby they should be regulated and defined in accordance with modern requirements. In fact, the task which the Government has had to undertake has been to reconcile, as far as possible, the vested rights and interests of the talukdars, with the interests of the subordinate holders, to the interests of the cultivators, the interests of the State, and the interests of the soil itself. Now, I should certainly have thought that a legislature, thus practically engaged in the conscientious endeavour to work out to a just solution one of the most perplexing, though at the same time one of the most interesting problems in legislation, might have fairly and reasonably reckoned, on receiving from a publicist so eminent as M. de Lavalaye, should he design to notice their labours—well, if not a sympathetic interest in the difficulty of those labours, at least a perfectly impartial recognition of their results. But I will now ask hon'ble members to

allow me to read to them a few passages from the work by M. de Lavalaye, to which I have referred; and if those passages are not already in the recollection of hon'ble members, I am sure they will hear them with considerable surprise.

"In Oudh," says M. de Lavalaye, "the British Government has considered the talukdars as the sole proprietors of the soil, *without any reserve whatever on behalf of the interests of the subordinate holders.*" And, having thus concisely stated the assumed fact, he proceeds to enlarge upon it thus: "During that period of anarchy which preceded the annexation of Oudh, the talukdars (who are merely the ancient heads of clans, feudal seigneurs, and collectors of imposts, *just like the zemindars*) usurped the position of independent proprietors; and after the suppression of the last insurrection, the British Government *purchased their support* by recognizing them in that capacity." M. de Lavalaye then adds that "although the Government instituted an inquiry into the question whether the ryots possessed any rights at all in connection with the soil they cultivated, yet they (the ryots) were *terrified* into answering that inquiry with a negative." And then, after having drawn this double indictment against the British Government for bribery and intimidation (bribery in our dealings with the talukdars—intimidation in our dealings with the ryots), M. de Lavalaye continues: "In Oudh the State (that is, of course, the British Government) *has stipulated no guarantee whatever for the ryot.* This is a fault, and something more. It is a crime—the crime of high treason against humanity."

Well, now, what can one say of assertions like this, unless it be what Horace Walpole, I believe, said of a certain lady of his acquaintance. "She has," he said, "as good a set of teeth as any woman can possibly have, who has only three teeth, and each of them black." Is it too much to say of such a passage as this, that it is as full, candid, and accurate, as any passage can be which 'contains only three statements, and each of them false? M. de Lavalaye is, I believe, a member of the Cobden Club, and if so, he is certainly one of the most distinguished members of it; and I have no doubt whatever that to his numerous Continental readers this circumstance will have been an all-sufficient guarantee for the accuracy of his statements upon the subject of Indian legislation. But what are the facts? Now, I speak here in the presence of experienced Indian legislators. There is not a single hon'ble member sitting at this table who will not be able to correct me immediately, if I am unwarranted in asserting that in the whole history of our land legislation for Oudh, there has been no period at which the legislature of this Empire has ignored the existence of proprietary rights in the soil of that province, other than those of the talukdars; that at no period has it disregarded the interests of the subordinate holders of those rights; that at no period has it omitted to take elaborate precautions for the protection of the tenant and the ryot from any abuse of powers, which, though recognised by our generosity, have always been restrained by our justice. I appeal to the records of our land legislation for Oudh, which I now hold in my hand.

Act XXVI. of 1866 is entirely and exclusively devoted to the affirmation and definition of the claims of subordinate proprietors in Oudh. Now, this Act was passed within ten years after the annexation of the province of Oudh; but its very preamble attests the pre-existence of rules and regulations issued by the Government of India for—what are the words?—“*the better determination of claims by persons possessed of subordinate rights of property,*” in Oudh.

Again, I turn to Act XIX. of 1868, and I find it to be one elaborate Code of Law for the maintenance of subordinate proprietary rights and for the protection of tenants in Oudh. Section 5 of this Act defines the rights of occupancy which include those of the ryots. Sections 22 to 26 secure to the tenants of Oudh the right of compensation for improvements. Chapter IV. limits the maximum rates of rent; Chapter V. strictly circumscribes the power of ejectment; and the same consistent tendency of our land legislation for Oudh is continued in this direction, and carried on by the Bill which we hope to pass to-day. Section 25 of that Bill subjects to important exemptions the right to resume rent-free grants; and, again, Section 135 reserves to the State comprehensive powers for the rescue and preservation of the interests of tenants whose land is sold for arrears of revenue.

Now, I make no apology to hon'ble members for having inflicted upon their patience this reference to facts with which they are all thoroughly familiar; because I am sure they will feel that, on an occasion like the present, and as

the Executive Head of the Government of India, I need make to the members of its legislature no excuse for endeavouring to refute the unfounded aspersions cast upon their policy by so distinguished a critic of it as M. de Lalayé. And if, indeed, some echo of my words should reach beyond this room, I trust it may tend to confirm the talukdars of Oudh in that considerate recognition, which, I am bound to say, they have given to the many and great difficulties involved in the task undertaken by this Government, and also to the impartial and conscientious spirit in which the Government has endeavoured to perform that task in legislating upon a subject which materially concerns the interests of other classes besides their own.

I have now only to put the question before me, and the question is, that the bill as amended be passed.

The motion was agreed to. Mr. Hobhouse's motion that the Oudh Laws Bill be passed was also put and agreed to, and the Council adjourned.

SPEECH AT THE IMPERIAL ASSEMBLAGE, DELHI.

January 1st, 1877.

On the first day of November, in the year 1858, a proclamation was issued by the Queen of England, conveying to the Princes and Peoples of India those assurances of Her Majesty's good will, which, from that day to this, they have cherished as their most precious political possession.

The promises then made by a Sovereign, whose word has never been broken, need no confirmation from my lips. Eighteen years of progressive prosperity confirm them ; and this great assemblage is the conspicuous evidence of their fulfilment. Undisturbed in the enjoyment of their hereditary honours, protected in the prosecution of their lawful interests, both the princes and the peoples of this Empire have found a full security for the future in the generosity and justice of the past.

We are now assembled to proclaim the assumption by the Queen of the title of Empress of India ; and, it is my duty, as Her Representative in the country, to explain the gracious intentions of Her Majesty, in adding that title to the style and dignity of Her Ancestral Crown.

Of all Her Majesty's possessions throughout the world,—possessions comprising a seventh part of the earth's surface, and three hundred millions of its inhabitants,—there is not one that She regards with deeper interest than this great and ancient Empire.

At all times, and in all places, the British Crown has had able and zealous servants, but none more illustrious than those whose wisdom and heroism have won and kept for it the dominion of India. This achievement, in which all Her Majesty's subjects, European and Native, have worthily co-operated, has also been aided by the loyalty of Her Majesty's great allies and feudatories ; whose soldiers have shared with Her armies the toils and victories of war ; whose sagacious fidelity has assisted Her government in preserving and diffusing the blessings of peace ; and whose

presence here to-day at the solemn inauguration of Her Imperial title, attests their confidence in the beneficence of Her power, and their interest in the unity of Her Empire.

This Empire acquired by Her ancestors, and consolidated by Herself, the Queen regards as a glorious inheritance to be maintained transmitted intact to Her descendants: and She recognises in the possession of it the most solemn obligations to use Her great power for the welfare of all its people, with scrupulous regard for the rights of Her feudatory Princes. For this reason, it is Her Majesty's Royal pleasure to add to the titles of Her Crown, one which shall be henceforth to all the Princes and Peoples of India the permanent symbol of its union with their interests, and its claim upon their loyal allegiance.

The successive dynasties whose rule in India the power of the British Crown has been called by Providence to replace and improve, were not unproductive of good and great Sovereigns; but the policy of their successors failed to secure the internal peace of their dominions. Strife became chronic, and anarchy constantly recurrent. The weak were the prey of the strong, and the strong the victims of their own passions. Thus, sapped by incessant bloodshed and shaken by intestine broils, the great house of Tamerlane crumbled to decay; and it fell at last, because it had ceased to be conducive to the progress of the East.

Now, under laws which impartially protect all races and all creeds, every subject of Her Majesty may peacefully enjoy his own. The toleration of the Government permits

each member of the community to follow without molestation the rules and rites of his religion. The strong hand of Imperial Power is put forth, not to crush but to protect and guide; and the results of British Rule are everywhere around us in the rapid advance of the whole country, and the increasing prosperity of all its provinces.

British Administrators and Faithful Officers of the Crown, —It is to your continued labours that these beneficent results are chiefly due: and it is to you, in the first instance, that I have now, in the name of Her Majesty, to express the gratitude and confidence of your Sovereign. Not less steadfastly than all your honoured predecessors, you have toiled for the good of this Great Empire, with a persevering energy, public virtue, and self-devotion unsurpassed in history.

The doors of fame are not open to all; but the opportunity of doing good is denied to none who seek it. Rapid promotion it is not often in the power of any Government to provide for its servants. But I feel assured that in the service of the British Crown, public duty and personal devotion will ever have higher incentives than the expectation of public honours or personal emoluments. Much of the most important and valuable work of Indian administration has always been, and always must be, done, not by persons in prominent positions, but by those district officers on whose patient intelligence and courage the efficient operation of its whole system is essentially dependent.

I cannot give expression too emphatic to Her Majesty's grateful recognition of the admirable manner in which Her

servants, both civil and military, have performed, and are performing, throughout India, tasks as delicate and difficult as any which the Crown can confide to its most trusted subjects. Members of the civil and military services,—placed at an early age in positions of immense responsibility, submitting with cheerful devotion to a severely exacting discipline, personally exercising the most important administrative functions among populations whose language, creed, and customs differ from your own,—may you ever be sustained in the firm yet gentle discharge of your arduous duties by the consciousness that, whilst you thus uphold the high character of your race, and carry out the benign precepts of your religion, you are also conferring on all other creeds and races in this country the inestimable benefits of good government.

But it is not only to the official servants of the Crown that India is indebted for the wise application of the principles of Western civilization to the steady development of her vast resources : and I should ill represent the feeling of my August Mistress if on this occasion I failed to assure Her non-official European subjects in India of the cordial satisfaction with which Her Majesty recognizes and appreciates not only their loyalty to Her Throne and Person, but also the benefits which Her Indian Empire derives from their industry, their enterprise, their social energy, and civic virtue.

Wishing to increase Her opportunities of distinguishing the public services, or private worth of Her subjects throughout this important portion of Her Dominions, Her Majesty

has been pleased not only to sanction a certain enlargement of the Most Exalted Order of the Star of India, and of the Order of British India, but also to institute for this purpose an entirely new Order which will be called the Order of the Indian Empire.

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of India, British and Native,—The Queen recalls with pride your heroic achievements on every occasion, when, fighting side by side, you have upheld the honour of Her arms. Confident that all future occasions will find you no less efficiently united in the faithful performance of that high duty, it is to you that Her Majesty entrusts the great charge of maintaining the peace, and protecting the prosperity of Her Indian Dominions.

Volunteer Soldiers,—Your loyal and successful endeavours to render yourselves capable of acting, if necessary, with the Regular Forces, claim cordial recognition on this occasion.

Princes and Chiefs of this Empire,—which finds in your loyalty a pledge of strength, in your prosperity a source of splendour, Her Majesty thanks you for your readiness, on which She reckons, if its interests be attacked or menaced, to assist Her Government in the defence of them. In the Queen's name I cordially welcome you to Delhi: recognizing in your presence on this great occasion, conspicuous evidence of those sentiments of attachment to the Crown of England which received from you such emphatic expression during the recent visit of the Prince of Wales to this country. Her Majesty regards Her interests as

identified with yours ; and it is with the wish to confirm the confidence and perpetuate the intimacy of the relations now so happily uniting the British Crown and its feudatories and allies, that Her Majesty has been graciously pleased to assume the Imperial Title we proclaim to-day.

Native Subjects of the Empress of India, — The present conditions and permanent interests of this Empire demand the supreme supervision and direction of their administration by English Officers trained in the principles of that policy whose assertion is necessary to preserve the continuity of Imperial rule. It is to the wise initiative of these Statesmen that India chiefly owes that steady progress in civilization which is a condition of her political importance, and the secret of her growing strength ; and it is they who must long continue to form the most important practical channel through which the arts, the sciences, and the culture of the West (which have given to Europe its present pre-eminence in peace and war), may freely flow towards the East for the common benefit of all its children.

But you, the natives of India, whatever your race and whatever your creed, have a recognized claim to share largely with your English fellow-subjects, according to your capacity for the task, in the administration of the country you inhabit. This claim is founded in the highest justice. It has been repeatedly affirmed by the greatest British and Indian Statesmen, and by the Legislation of the Imperial Parliament. It is recognized by the Government of India as binding on its honour, and consonant with all the aims of its policy. The Government of India, therefore, notices with

satisfaction the marked improvement during recent years in the character of Native Public Service, especially in its higher grades.

The administration of this great Empire demands, from many of those to whom a share in it is entrusted, attributes not exclusively intellectual, qualifications to which moral and social superiority are essential. More especially, therefore, does it rest with those who, by birth, rank, and hereditary influence, are your natural leaders, to fit themselves and their children for the honourable duty which is open to them, by accepting the only education that can enable them to comprehend and practise the principles steadily maintained by the Government of the Queen, their Empress.

You must all adopt as your own that highest standard of public virtue which comprises loyalty, incorruptibility, impartiality, truth, and courage. The Government of Her Majesty will then cordially welcome your co-operation in the work of administration. For in every quarter of the globe over which its dominion is established, that Government trusts less to the strength of armies than to the willing allegiance of a contented and united people, who rally round the throne, because they recognise therein the stable condition of their permanent welfare.

It is on the gradual and enlightened participation of Her Indian subjects in the undisturbed exercise of this mild and just authority, and not upon the conquest of weaker States, or the annexation of neighbouring Territories, that Her Majesty relies for the development of Her Indian

Empire. Her interests and duties are not confined to Her own dominions. She sincerely desires to maintain the most frank and friendly relations with the Rulers of those Territories which, adjoining the Frontiers of this Empire, have so long owed their independence to the sheltering shadow of its Power. But, should the repose of that Power be at any time threatened from without, the Empress of India will know how to defend Her great inheritance. No foreign enemy can now attack the British Empire in India without thereby assailing the whole civilization of the East: and the unlimited resources of Her dominions, the courageous fidelity of Her allies and feudatories, and the loyal affection of Her subjects, have provided Her Majesty with ample power to repel and punish every assailant.

The presence, on this occasion, of the Representatives of Sovereigns who, from the remotest parts of the East, have addressed to the Queen their congratulations on the event we celebrate to-day, significantly attests the pacific policy of the Government of India, and the cordiality of its relations with all neighbouring States. To His Highness the Khan of Kelat, and to those Ambassadors who have travelled so far to represent on British Territory the Asiatic Allies of the Empress of India, as also to our honoured guest His Excellency the Governor-General of Goa, and to the Foreign Consular Body, I desire to offer, on behalf of Her Majesty's Indian Government, welcome to this Imperial Assemblage.

Princes and Peoples of India,—It is now my pleasing duty to communicate to you the gracious message which the

Queen, your Empress, has to-day addressed to you in Her own Royal and Imperial name. These are the words of the telegraphic message which I have this morning received from Her Majesty:—

“We, Victoria, by the Grace of God of the United Kingdom Queen, Empress of India, send through our Viceroy to all our Officers, Civil and Military, and to all Princes, Chiefs, and Peoples now at Delhi assembled, our Royal and Imperial Greeting, and assure them of the deep interest and earnest affection with which we regard the people of our Indian Empire. We have witnessed, with heartfelt satisfaction, the reception which they have accorded to our beloved Son, and have been touched by the evidence of their loyalty and attachment to Our House and Throne. We trust that the present occasion may tend to unite in bonds of yet closer affection ourselves and our subjects; that from the highest to the humblest all may feel that under our rule the great principles of liberty, equity, and justice are secured to them, and that, to promote their happiness, to add to their prosperity, and advance their welfare, are the ever present aims and objects of Our Empire.”

You will, I am confident, appreciate these gracious words.

GOD SAVE VICTORIA, QUEEN OF THE UNITED KINGDOM,
AND EMPRESS OF INDIA.

SPEECH AT THE PUTTIALA DURBAR.

January 8th, 1877.

Lord Lytton then rose, and, bowing to His Highness, thus spoke—Maharajah—I am glad to have been able to visit the

principality and city of Puttiala on an occasion so important and so auspicious as the present. And I am especially glad to have had such an opportunity to testify publicly, not only to yourself, but also to all your people, the warm and affectionate interest taken by the Empress of India in the loyal House of Your Highness, by thus personally installing you as Chief of a State which, from the commencement of this century, has been in close association with the British Government. In the year 1808, and in the time of Your Highness's ancestor, Maharajah Syed Singh, the State of Puttiala was taken under the special protection of the British Government. That the confidence then reposed by the Phulkian Chiefs in the honesty, the wisdom, and the strength of that Government was not misplaced, satisfactory evidence exists in the fact that, at this moment, the wealth, the dignity, and the power of Puttiala are greater than they were at the time of the engagement which guaranteed to this State the protection of the Government in which its chiefs have so loyally trusted. On their part, meanwhile, all the Maharajahs of Puttiala, and especially Your Highness's father and grand-father, have faithfully and with unswerving and unbroken active loyalty fulfilled their obligations to the Suzerain Power. In the year 1857, His Highness Maharajah Narender Singh placed all his resources, and his great personal influence, absolutely at the disposal of the Government. His Highness then sent to Delhi a contingent troop, whose valuable services we still gratefully remember, and the assistance then rendered by the Maharajah has already been acknowledged and rewarded by Her Majesty's Government.

Your Highness's father, Mahender Singh, whose untimely death we all lament, followed faithfully and wisely in the footsteps of his eminent predecessor, and the rule of His Highness was distinguished not only by its close and unswerving attachment to the British Government, but also by many important reforms, by great progress made in the popular education of his people, and by the enlightened development of trade within his territories. The unmistakeable signs and evidences of good government I have witnessed everywhere around me, since my arrival here, in the contented faces of the people, in the good appearance of the troops, and in the crowded and thriving streets of this interesting city. Your Highness, therefore, is not only born to be the head of an illustrious House, but you will also be early trained in the loyal and honorable traditions of that House; and I am confident that when Your Highness reaches—as, with the blessing of Providence, I trust you will reach—those years which are called the years of discretion—when you are placed in personal charge of your hereditary possessions, I am confident that you will prove yourself no less deserving of the warm and affectionate interest of Her Royal and Imperial Majesty the Empress of India, than all those great chiefs who have preceded you on the throne of Puttiala.

Rajahs of Jheend and Nabha,—It gives me cordial pleasure to meet Your Highnesses again, and more especially to meet you here in Puttiala, connected as you are by common descent with the House of this young prince.

I trust that in my presence here, you will recognise a proof of the friendly interest of Her Royal and Imperial Majesty, and also a confirmation of those gracious assurances which, on the first day of this year, it was my privilege to convey from Her Majesty to the assembled chiefs of India, as the guiding and animating principles of the British Government in this country.

Members of the Council of Regency,—To you has been entrusted the onerous but honorable task of administering the State during the minority of its young prince. I trust that you will do this wisely, impartially, and for the good of all its people. Large powers have been confided to you for that purpose; and, in return, I look to you for loyal, honest, and devoted labor in the service of His Highness. As long as your administration is approved by the contentment of the people, by the prosperity of the State, and by the judicious training and elevation of His Highness for those important duties he will hereafter have to perform, so long you can confidently reckon upon the cordial support of my government, which, on the recommendation of His Honor the Lieutenant-Governor of the Punjaub, and in concurrence with their Highnesses the Rajahs of Jheend and Nabha, has appointed you to the high offices you now hold.

REPLY TO THE DEPUTATION OF THE BRITISH
INDIAN ASSOCIATION.*January 30th, 1877.*

His Lordship replied as follows :

TO THE PRESIDENT AND MEMBERS OF THE BRITISH
INDIAN ASSOCIATION.

GENTLEMEN,—I shall have much pleasure in forwarding to England, for submission to the Queen and Empress, the loyal address of your Association. I doubt not that Her Majesty will receive with satisfaction the assurance of those grateful sentiments with which her subjects in Bengal have recognized, in the title recently proclaimed at Delhi, the conspicuous symbol of an inseparable union between India and all other parts of the British Empire.

I thank you for your welcome to myself on my return to the capital. I renew with pleasure my residence amongst you, which has been unavoidably interrupted by duties that have called me elsewhere. I need not remind you that India is not a country, but a Continental Empire composed of many countries, some of them vast in extent, and all of them differing from each other, no less than those of Europe, in their social, economical, and geographical conditions. It is impossible to administer the multifarious interests of so composite an empire without careful reference to the special peculiarities and requirements of constituent parts. For knowledge of these the responsible head of their common Government must largely rely upon those who are in a

position to contribute to the central direction of public affairs the accumulated results of local experience. But I am persuaded that the person temporarily entrusted with the general Government of this great empire cannot too frequently or fully avail himself of every opportunity within his reach, for testing his impressions and opinions by personal contact with the populations committed to his charge, and personal acquaintance with the local officers on whose character and capacity he is dependent for the fulfilment, or correction of his own ideas.

Since I quitted Calcutta, I have had the advantage of personally inspecting the whole of our north-western frontier, the administrative re-organization of which has long been under the consideration of the Government of India. You have alluded to the present condition of a portion of that frontier, with an anxiety suggested by what may possibly be the acute phase of a chronic disturbance. But for this an effectual remedy is always at hand. I need not, however, remind you that the effect of every remedy depends on its appropriate application, and that patience is a part of every wise pharmacopeia. Our present relations with all the Trans-frontier states, I have every reason to regard with satisfaction ; and in these I can confidently assure you that, to the best of my belief, there is no cause for apprehension, either to them or to ourselves.

Your address also makes reference to the severe scarcity now afflicting the Presidencies of Madras and Bombay. The difficulties of dealing with this great and grievous disaster can hardly be over-rated, notwithstanding the helpful and

complete co-operation of the local Governments. But for our present guidance, we are not without past experience. The policy which the Government of India is now endeavouring to pursue in mitigation of the social calamities and financial embarrassments that are, I fear, more or less inevitable under the present sudden and heavy visitation, needs no explanation from me. Every detail of it is fully before the public.

• The recent recovery in the value of silver relatively to gold is, I think, a sufficient justification of the resolution adopted by the Government of India to abstain from prematurely changing the standard, or tampering with the currency of the empire, notwithstanding the numerous and urgent recommendations to do so with which, only a few months ago, it was besieged from almost every quarter. Nevertheless, I trust it will not be supposed that the present more favourable condition of our exchange has induced us to relax our attention to the extremely important financial and monetary questions prominently raised by the recent violent disturbance in the relative values of the precious metals.

The Imperial Assemblage at Delhi to which you also refer, was no mere pageant. It was a great historical event, the social and political effects of which will, I trust, be not only beneficent but far-reaching and permanent. Meanwhile I wish to take this opportunity of publicly acknowledging the benefits for which I am individually indebted to the opportunity then afforded me of personal consultation with the heads and agents of local administrations, on some of the most important and pressing financial, social,

and political questions connected with the present condition of this empire.

Gentlemen, if I believe that the last eight months, during which I have been absent from Calcutta, have added to my personal knowledge of some other parts of India, that belief increases the pleasure with which I return to the capital city of the empire; and encourages the hope that when I again quit Calcutta, I may not only leave behind me some personal friends, but also carry with me lasting gains derived from intercourse with the representatives of those great social and commercial interests which the development of the empire has concentrated in this Imperial city.

It is not to you only that I address these words. As this is the first opportunity of uttering them which has been afforded me since my return to Calcutta, you must allow me to address them also to my English fellow-subjects in Bengal, which owes to English enterprise lasting advantages, whereof this city is a noble monumental record.

Let me also take this opportunity of expressing not only my own sincere personal sympathy with the population of this Presidency, but also that of our Queen and Empress, in the terrible calamity which has recently depopulated a portion of your sea-coast.

It was my duty to transmit to Her Majesty the earliest intelligence received by myself of that great disaster: and in the letters which since then I have had the honour to receive from her, not once, nor twice, nor thrice, but many times, Her Majesty has expressed the deep concern which that intelligence had caused her.

Notwithstanding the momentary gloom now cast by storm and famine over the first year of my tenure of office, I have implicit faith in the growing prosperity and permanent grandeur of this great empire, in whose history my own administration can be, for good or ill, no more than a brief episode. I do not underrate the difficulties with which we are now called upon to deal. But relying, as I have every right to rely, upon the experienced assistance of my able colleagues, on the loyal co-operation of the whole public service, on the devotedness of our united endeavours, the ultimate justice of public opinion, and the divine furtherance of all honest human effort, I feel able to accept without reserve, though not without gratitude, the assurance of your confidence in the Government of India.

SPEECH AT THE CONVOCATION OF THE CALCUTTA UNIVERSITY.

March 10th, 1877.

The Viceroy then rose and said—

Mr. Vice-Chancellor and Gentlemen of the Senate,—It is with much pleasure, though not without much diffidence, that I welcome the first opportunity afforded me of publicly associating myself with the University of Calcutta. The Chancellorship of this University is, I believe, by law, an appanage of the Viceregal office, and I regard it as a very honourable appointment, but allow me to assure you that I do not regard it as a merely honorary one. •

A score of years has now elapsed since this University first undertook the task of bringing the higher methods of Western thought into closer contract with the daily life of an Eastern people. The results of its labours in this direction, which your Vice-Chancellor has announced to-day, attest the magnitude of the area over which its influence is already extended; and I think that the people of India, more especially the people of Bengal, are no less indebted than the University itself to the disinterested exertions of those many eminent men who, in the course of the last twenty years, have guided and aided its salutary enterprise. Of these, no man, I believe, has laboured with greater energy, greater devotion, more judgment, or more success, than your late Registrar, Mr. Sutcliffe. Those who came earliest under the influence of the University of Calcutta are now settled in the various pursuits of life; and it is by the character of the influence they may exercise upon the society of which they are now members, that the training afforded them by this University and its affiliated colleges must be hereafter judged. At the present moment it would doubtless be premature to pronounce upon its success, or to predict its ultimate results; but there is much in what we see around us to justify satisfaction with the past, and hope in the future. A philosophical poet, however, has warned us that in every source of satisfaction there must be some drop of bitterness; and the satisfaction with which you doubtless listened just now to the practical and eloquent address of your Vice-Chancellor was probably embittered by the reflection that it is the last you are likely to hear from his

lips in this place. Gentlemen, it is the great and special misfortune of Anglo-Indian Society, that when any one of its members retires from the labours and anxieties of public life in this country, it is not to find repose in the bosom of that community for whose benefit he has been labouring. The case of public men in India is indeed like that of the patient in a whimsical story I once heard, of one man who said to another, "I thought you told me yesterday that Tom's fever was gone." "So it is," replied his friend. "But," said the first speaker, "I have since heard that poor Tom is dead." "Ah! yes," replied the second, "I forgot to mention that when Tom's fever went off, Tom himself went off with it." And so it is, gentlemen, here; when the fever of Indian official life is ended, life in India, as a rule, ends with it; so that every retirement from active duty in this country bequeathes to us, who remain behind, a private as well as a public bereavement. The approaching departure of Sir A. Hobhouse from India will entail innumerable losses of a similarly two-fold character. Of these, the loss most present to our minds on this occasion is that which is about to be sustained by the University of Calcutta and the Members of its Senate.

And I am afraid, gentlemen, that the loss sustained by this University will be all the more sensibly felt, because, at the present moment, the working body of the University is weaker than we could wish it to be. It will be my endeavour to strengthen it by increasing the number of resident fellows, whose other avocations in life may be compatible with active participation in the management of the University.

Gentlemen, as regards the text-books commended by this University to the use of schools and colleges in India, I think we may congratulate ourselves on the energy with which the question of their revision and improvement was taken up four years ago by my predecessor. I am glad to find that those old friends of our youth, the writings of Johnson and Addison, re-appear less frequently than of old in the subject-matter of recent examinations. Of those writings no Englishman can speak without grateful affection and respect ; but I cannot but think they constitute somewhat inappropriate pabulum for the mind of a young Bengali in this nineteenth century with whose intellectual progress we wish him to keep pace. We should not, I think, attempt to teach style. For style is character, and character is incommunicable—a truth which Buffon expressed when he said *le style c'est l'homme*. The only style we *can* teach is a conventional style ; and as that means conventional thinking and feeling, which is no thinking or feeling at all, the less we have of it the better. But perhaps there is still room for improvement. In the department of philosophy, for instance, is it impossible to provide more helpful guides than either Reid or Abercrombie ? Reid's system, though incomplete, is no doubt a healthy one ; but, I would ask, are those two Scotchmen really the ablest psychologists the whole of the Western world has yet been able to produce ? I strongly suspect that in his own literature a Hindoo would find far greater masters of the metaphysical method, if he is to go on using that method at all ; but I venture to think that the sooner he learns to discard it altogether, the better it

will be for him and the world around him. Then again I know not whether the works of such thinkers as Hamilton, or Bain, or Herbert Spencer have yet found their way, through the medium of this University, to native students. It is very possible that they have done so, although I have not noticed them on our list of text-books. But without mentioning those of many other psychologists, both French and German, I would venture to ask whether the works of either Bain or Spencer might not furnish more profitable selections for text-books than those of Reid and Abercrombie? One thing, at least, is certain; they would be truer and better representatives of the prevalent position of Western thought throughout the whole modern world at the present moment in the domain of psychology, if psychology we are to teach.

Gentlemen, there is another consideration connected with the future of this University. I perceive, by reference to its records, that the uses and destinies of it have been occasionally discussed in connection with various theories as to the highest and most national functions of a University; but I doubt if the University of Calcutta has much to gain by the discussion of such abstract questions. The highest function of a University has perhaps no direct connection with instruction, in the strict sense of the word, but is rather that of a great national reservoir for thoroughly original research; a provision for the extension rather than the diffusion of knowledge, by means of which the search after truth may be freely prosecuted in all directions by independent thinkers and investigators, not harassed or

on the imaginative and sympathetic side of it; the average native intellect on the positive and practical side. This impression was strengthened in my mind by a paragraph I read some days ago in a native newspaper, and which, with your permission, I will read to you. The writer of it, referring to the duties of Government in reference to the calamitous scarcity now afflicting so large a portion of Southern India, observes :—

“ All that the English Government has done in the famine-stricken districts of the Deccan is to start relief works, and provide the sufferers with the means of earning their livelihood by labour. There has been no remission of taxation, nor has the carriage of grain by railway been made free. At the present moment, a portion of the Chinese Empire is likewise exposed to famine. The Chinese Government has remitted all taxes in the distressed districts, and distributes grain to the people without exacting any labour in return.”

And then the writer earnestly exhorts the Government of India to adopt the good example, and follow the humane policy of the Government of China. Now, gentlemen, I have no doubt that the publicist, who deemed it his duty to give this advice to the Government of India, sincerely believed in the soundness of it; for I see no reason why such a belief should be incompatible with considerable literary culture. But I maintain that literary culture alone is insufficient to guide the native mind, with all its great natural gifts, into those avenues of thought and observation which are the travelling high-roads of the whole practical civilization of the modern world.

Let me endeavour to explain a little more precisely the grounds of this conclusion. The human mind, that is to say, each of our leading conceptions and each branch of our knowledge, successively passes, sooner or later, through three different theoretical conditions. Regarded from a purely historical point of view, theologies are the most important expressions of the first, and metaphysical systems of the second. The positive condition is the least ambitious of the three. Its sphere of enquiry, though restlessly active, is strictly limited. It does not aspire to absolute knowledge. It does not presume to declare the essential nature, the first or final causes, the origin and purpose, of things. It is content to investigate only the invariable succession and resemblance of phenomena : and its utmost effort is confined to the establishment of a connection between single and general facts. It is this condition which closes the historic sequence. Now, it is the lasting glory of the Eastern world to have taken the initiative in that intellectual process,—that secular search after truth. At the earliest dawn of history, and perhaps even earlier, oriental thought, pouring itself with a marvellous opulence of fancy, and a singularly energetic rapidity of power through all the channels of pure speculation, had reached the furthest limit, to which in all probability the human mind will ever be brought by the metaphysical method alone. But there it stopped, and there it has remained ever since. It stopped, because its method could carry it no further ; it has remained where it stopped, because it had at its command no other method. Yet, what do we not owe to the Eastern

world? The benign beginnings of language and of literature, of religion and philosophy; the very structure of the speech we speak, and some of the subtlest conceptions, some of the noblest ideas, that speech is capable of expressing. Be it remembered that the East is not only the parent of the Vedas and Puranas; not merely the inspirer of Budha and of Mahomet. It is the East that raised the first altars to Jehovah; it is the East that was the chosen birthplace of Christianity. Well, then, we sons of the West, what offering, wholly ours, can we now present to our ancestral East in requital for these early, these precious and still cherished gifts? Gentlemen, the positive method is the special discovery of Western thought; the positive method is the most potent instrument of Western civilization. And, therefore, I say, if it be our object to bring Eastern life into harmony with Western thought, and to confer upon Eastern life the practical benefits of Western civilization, it is to habits of positive thinking, formed by positive methods of observation, and to a salutary mistrust of all speculation which cannot be verified in the domain of positive fact, that we should endeavour to train the native mind. But for this purpose mere literary culture is inadequate. The best education we can provide for the native community is the education which will most rapidly and permanently fit it to assume a practical, and eventually, I hope, a prominent part, in the development, not only of its political, but also of its social, industrial, commercial, and intellectual life. For in these days political power is the child of social activity; in these days industry and commerce are the parents of national

prosperity; and whilst religion guides, science should stimulate, literature reflect, and art adorn, the progress of a people. But how is the native community to do all this, and how shall we help it to do it? Well, I am sorry to say, that whether you consult those journals which represent the aspirations of the native community, or those which similarly represent European opinion in India, you find this great question discussed, by each party to the discussion of it, from a point of view which seems to me essentially misleading, and within limits lamentably narrow. It seems to be virtually assumed on both sides that the be-all and the end-all of an educated class is Government employment. Thus, on the one side, there is the educated native plaintively telling us that, because we have provided him with a University education, and because he has fully and successfully availed himself of that provision, therefore we are bound, at least in his opinion, to provide him also with official employment. Virtually he comes to us with his M. A. degree in one hand, and in the other, a demand for some post under Government. And if we demur to that demand, he feels very much aggrieved, and probably disposed to employ those graces of style, for which he is perhaps indebted to the University of Calcutta, in a manner by no means flattering to the Government he has been so eager to serve. And, on the other side, there is our incredulous European critic reminding us with something like complacent chuckle, that this is just what he had always predicted, since everything we teach our native subjects must necessarily increase their expectation of responsible

official employment without necessarily qualifying them for it. Now, gentlemen, on behalf of the Government of India, I entirely repudiate this dilemma. One horn of it is, I think, fastened to a fallacy, and the other to a fiction. Instruction is but a very small part of education, and I refuse to put the part for the whole. Cyrus said he had only been taught three things; to ride, to draw the bow, and to speak the truth. Yet it is certain that Cyrus was admirably well educated to lead and govern men. And I maintain that, if education be properly directed to its right object, the formation of character, and if you give it time enough, it is perfectly in the power of education to qualify almost any human being for almost any kind of human responsibility. Nay, I think I could, if challenged to do so, produce ample testimony on the part of the most competent observers, to the fact so significant and so honorable to this University, that even in the short space of twenty years, the influence of English education on that portion of the native community brought within its reach, has effected a marked improvement in those qualities which fit men for responsible activity, not merely in the service of a State, but, generally, in the service of society at large. But I also maintain that there is no country under the sun—at least, I know of none, unless, indeed, it be China—in which fitness for Government employment has ever been the acknowledged exclusive aim of public instruction; and I sincerely trust, it will never be the acknowledged exclusive aim of public instruction in India.

The claim of the native community to participate in the management of public affairs, that is to say, in the service of

the State, is a point to which I will presently return ; and it is one in regard to which I have certainly no desire to mince matters or to split hairs. But meanwhile I must say that I can conceive no greater curse to any country than a state of things in which the whole educated class of the community is encouraged and accustomed to look exclusively to Government employment, or even to political life, as its only means of social influence or personal profit. It is to you, young men, whom I rejoice to see before me in such numbers, that I would more specially address this warning—you, the promising representatives of Young Bengal. I congratulate you on your recent honors ; I congratulate you cordially on having proved, thus early in life, not only your desire for the acquisition of knowledge, but also your power to acquire it by persevering application. You are about, ere long, to take your place as men in the world around you, and there, I trust, you will display with equal success those qualities which utilize knowledge, and make it helpful to others. You will find there a wider field than any Government can furnish for the investment of your energies. Commerce, science, literature, and art, await your helpful recognition of their needs. Do not trust exclusively to Government for your career. Trust yourselves ; and trust those opportunities of usefulness which Providence never denies to the man who seriously seeks them. Then your fellow-creatures will trust you ; and your Government will gladly and proudly welcome your co-operation for the good of the whole community. I am sorry to say that at the present moment in all this vast Empire, I only know of one

conspicuous exception to the prevalent passivity of native capital and industrial enterprise; and it is a noteworthy fact that this exception is to be found in that portion of the Empire which happens to be in closest contact with the Western world. Bombay exhibits the pleasant and encouraging spectacle of a large and thriving native community actively engaged in the pursuits of trade and industry; a native community which, by its own intelligent exertions, is rapidly increasing the social, commercial, industrial, and consequently political, importance of that great Presidency. Now, I should like to see the Government of India receiving from the whole native community in India a similarly helpful hand in the prosecution of what primarily devolves upon a community itself for the promotion of its own prosperity, improvement, and renown. Allow me, gentlemen, to re-call to your recollection, in connection with these considerations, some admirable remarks, pregnant with suggestion, which fell from the lips of your late Chancellor, on an occasion similar to the present. Lord Northbrook then said:—

“I cannot help noticing in this country how some professions, which in England are filled by some of the ablest men in the highest ranks of society, appear in India not to be looked to as professions in which educated men and graduates of the University can properly be employed. I look to the fine arts, and I look to commerce, in which a large portion of the educated men in England obtain their positions in life, and I see that in India those professions are not valued so much as they should be by those who have

gone through a University course. I, however, look forward to the time which, in this city at any rate, is rapidly approaching, when the customs, which at present prevent educated men of the higher ranks of the society from entering such professions, will be regarded as things of the past."

Well, gentlemen, when that change shall have been brought about, to which I also look forward no less confidently than my distinguished predecessor, the claim of educated natives to Government employment will have placed itself upon the broadest foundations. But to the consideration of this claim in its present form, I now return. It is, indeed, a subject on which I have for some time been anxious to take the first public opportunity in my power of speaking frankly and explicitly, because, on the last occasion when it was my duty to make public reference to this subject, the language I used, though I think it was as clear and straightforward as language can be, appears to have been misunderstood by some of those to whom it was addressed; and on a matter of such common interest, a matter involving the honour of the State, and the satisfaction of its subjects, misunderstandings are mischievous. Gentlemen, I am aware that, strictly speaking, this subject does not perhaps fall fairly within the province of the Chancellor of your University; but it happens that the Chancellor of this University is also Viceroy of India, and since I find myself gifted with a double identity, kindly allow me to take the fullest possible advantage of the gift. Now, whatever else it may rest upon, the claim of native subjects to official employment rests, primarily and

principally, on the pledge spontaneously given, and repeatedly re-affirmed, to them by the Crown and Parliament of England. I believe the policy which inspired that pledge was not only generous but wise ; but whether it was wise or foolish is a question not now susceptible of useful, or even honorable, discussion. The pledge has been given : the duty of the Government of India is, not to discuss it, but to carry it out ; and I think that the native community in this country is not altogether without some cause to complain of the length of time during which that pledge has been, as it still remains, inadequately redeemed. But what is the real cause of its tardy and imperfect redemption ? Did time allow, it would be easy, I think, to convince any candid judge that the Governments of England and India have never consciously endeavoured to evade the obligation they spontaneously incurred. When, however, the obligation was, perhaps somewhat impulsively contracted, the practical difficulties of discharging it were either underrated or ignored. But experience has proved that these difficulties cannot be ignored, and that they can scarcely be overrated. It never was intended, and I trust it never will be allowed, that prospective justice to the sanctioned aspirations of the native community should involve retrospective injustice to the tried abilities and prior rights of the existing Covenanted Service. And although the members of that service at present possess a practical monopoly of all its most important appointments, their numbers are still out of proportion to their prospects of promotion, and they already complain that the expectations held out

to them when they entered the service are not being fulfilled.

It must then, I fear, be frankly acknowledged that the Government of India is practically placed in the embarrassing position of a person who has signed two incompatible contracts, each of which he is bound in law, and bound in honour; to fulfil. How may this double obligation be adequately discharged? It involves a difficulty which, once frankly acknowledged, must be boldly faced, and can, I believe, be fully overcome. The Government of India has, on many occasions, evinced its anxiety to augment the native element in its public service, and on not a few occasions it has done so at the risk of incurring reproach, and provoking complaint, from its European servants. But I do not, for my own part, believe that to go on unsystematically appointing some native here and some native there, now one, and then another, to a Government post, would be any adequate redemption of our promise. In my humble judgment, there is but one safe and satisfactory course now open to the Government of India. That course will no doubt involve the radical reform of a system, which, having been organized anterior, and without reference, to these conflicting obligations, experience has proved to be incompatible with the complete satisfaction of either of them. I regret that a reform so increasingly needed should have been so long postponed, because those who now inherit the deferred duty, must inherit also the augmented difficulty of carrying it out. But I am far from saying that its postponement was causeless, or could have

been avoided. Even delay is better than precipitation, for if reform is to be durable, it must be deliberate ; and it was the clear duty of the Government of India to enquire and feel its way very cautiously through a matter in which one false step might be irrevocable, and the mischief of it beyond calculation. Now, it devolved upon me to tell the representatives of the native community at Delhi two plain truths : first, that there are certain functions of Government in this country which cannot be confided to any but British officers ; and, secondly, that there is no kind of official employment for which the Government of India would be justified in regarding mere intellectual acuteness as a sufficient qualification. I have been told, gentlemen, by many organs of the native press, that this was a hard saying and an indirect revocation of promises on which they were entitled to rely. But what is the simple fact ? The broad principles commended by the Secretary of State, and adopted by the Government of India for its guidance in this matter, have never been cancelled or modified. The groundwork of these principles was laid down with a masterly hand, by a distinguished statesman to whose authority I am content to appeal, and whose words I will ask leave to repeat. He said :—

“ It is notorious that in their case” (that is to say, in the case of natives) “ mere intellectual acuteness is no indication of ruling power. In vigour, in courage, and in administrative ability, some of the races of India, most backward in education, are well-known to be superior to other races which, intellectually, are much more advanced. In a com-

petitive examination, the chances of a Bengali would probably be superior to the chances of Pathan or Sikh. It would, nevertheless, be a dangerous experiment to place a successful student from the colleges of Calcutta in command over any of the martial tribes of Upper India. And to these practical disqualifications of race must be added the not less serious difficulties which may arise out of the circumstances of rank and caste.● It should never be forgotten,—and there should never be any hesitation in laying down the principle,—that it is one of our first duties towards the people of India to guard the safety of our own dominion. For this purpose we must proceed gradually, employing only such natives as we can trust, and these only in such offices and in such places as in the actual condition of things, the Government of India may determine to be really suited to them."

Well, now, these words, which were written in 1869, were not specially present to my mind when I addressed the Imperial Assemblage at Delhi ; but had they been so, I think that my language on that occasion could not have more accurately embodied than it did the substance and significance of them. But, although it is indisputable that there are certain Government appointments which can only be entrusted to Europeans, every competent and candid observer must perceive that there are many others perfectly suitable for the employment of natives, and many natives perfectly competent to fill them, with advantage to the State and credit to themselves. Such, at least, is my own belief ; and I therefore think that our first step must

be to classify, or recast the classification of our public service, from this point of view. Those paramount executive functions, which, in the supreme interests of public safety and national progress, must be permanently reserved for European agency, should be distinctly and emphatically defined; whilst to those posts—and they are neither few nor unimportant, nor yet inferior in dignity—which natives are, we believe, well qualified to occupy, the free admission of competent natives should be unreservedly facilitated and uninterruptedly maintained. But if natives are to be admitted in adequate numbers and frequency, and with adequate prospects of promotion, to certain offices originally confined to the Covenanted Service, and if they are to be so admitted without injury to the position, or prejudice to the claims, of present incumbents, then the present system of indenting on England for those branches of that service, which, in all its branches, is already overcrowded, must be promptly stopped or rigidly restricted.

Gentlemen, I need not remind you that, even if the principles of such a measure as I have now indicated be as undisputed as I believe them to be indisputable, still they cannot be carried into practical effect without preliminary deliberation and discussion. But this I can say, not only for myself but for every member of the Government of India, the early and satisfactory settlement of this great question is an object which we all have seriously at heart; and, speaking on my own behalf, let me add that, if permitted to promote and witness it, I shall always regard the accomplishment of that object, provided only it be accomplished

justly and safely, with grateful feelings not dependent on the gratitude of others. But sincerely as I desire to see the natives of India more largely and actively associated than they are at present with the service of its Government, I should be sorry to see admission to Government employment regarded by the educated class of this country, or fitness for it contemplated by the students of this University, as the exclusive, or even the highest, object of their endeavours. I will not say of the University of Calcutta that—

“ ’Twere to cramp its use, if we
Should look it to some useful end.”

Far from that; but I do say, thank God the sphere of human usefulness is practically unlimited; and to train the growing generations of this great Indian Presidency to become useful to their fellow creatures in more ways than one—nay in every way that can be opened or advanced by sound instruction, and a manly civic subordination of personal to social interests,—that I say is a nobly useful end; and to the attainment of it the exertions of this University will long, I trust, continue to be directed with ever-increasing success.

SPEECH AT THE FAREWELL BANQUET TO
SIR H. NORMAN AT GOVERNMENT HOUSE,
CALCUTTA.

March 1st, 1877.

After the health of the Queen and Empress was drunk, the Viceroy rose and spoke as follows; he said:—

Ladies and gentlemen,—I have invited you here this evening to join me in doing honor to an eminent man, who will

soon be leaving India after a long series of public services to this Empire, and to its Government; carrying with him a varied accumulation of administrative experience, the benefits of which are probably most needed, and best appreciated, by those, like myself, who are so soon to lose them (cheers). The toast, ladies and gentlemen, which I am about to propose to you, is connected with many associations; and probably no human associations can long remain altogether free from a sentiment of sadness. But it is not to-night, not here, not now, that such a sentiment should mingle with those feelings which accompany farewell. Later, no doubt later, and long afterwards, it will be felt when we, his colleagues, miss from our Council Board the voice we have so often consulted, and when from you, his friends, the face and form so long familiar to the homes they have gladdened shall have passed away. But to-night, ladies and gentlemen, let us only rejoice that the soldier statesman, from whom we shall so soon be parted, is no worn-out veteran retiring to a rest which he is no longer able to enjoy, but that he leaves us in the prime and fulness of his matured powers, with many years, in the course of nature, still before him, either for renewed service in the field, should the interests of his country call him to it, or for that dignified private leisure, which, in all probability, few public men, even in the midst of their greatest triumphs, have not ardently sighed to attain (cheers).

In contemplating the close of Sir Henry Norman's Indian career, I have myself been forcibly reminded of those consolatory words which the genius of Milton has put into the

mouth of Manoah when closing his own poetic presentation of great and illustrious life. Manoah says, as you may remember,—

“Samson hath quit himself

Like Samson, and heroically bath finish'd

What was heroic. * * * * *

Nothing is here for tears ; nothing to wail

Or knock the breast ; no weakness, no contempt,

Dispraise, or blame. Nothing but well and fair,

And what may quit us in an end so noble.”

(Loud cheers.)

But, ladies and gentlemen, you may perhaps feel surprised that I have asked you to join me in this farewell dinner to Sir Henry Norman so long before the time at which he will be leaving us. The fact is, however, that it is not we only who are on the eve of losing a cherished colleague. Our friend himself is about to sustain a similar loss ; and the cherished colleague from whom he will so soon be parted is no less a person than his wife. This, ladies and gentlemen, is my excuse, and I trust you will deem it an all-sufficient excuse, for having taken the first, and indeed the only, opportunity vouchsafed to me by the despotism of petticoat government to record, in the presence of Lady Norman, the Viceroy's grateful appreciation of the long and eminent services of her distinguished husband, to express my personal regret that an event which will deprive the Government of India of those services must, as it seems, be preceded by one which will also prematurely involve a great and long lamented loss to Indian society (cheers).

Ladies and gentlemen,—The public services of my honorable friend and colleague, Sir Henry Norman, are so many and so various, that when the other day I ventured to request a private acquaintance to be so good as to correct and refresh my memory of their details by kindly furnishing me with full particulars about them, he very frankly replied that such a task was practically impossible. It was, he said, impossible, because the enumeration of those services were, if written, would inevitably cover countless sheets of that much respected material which embodies the official spirit, and furnishes the official garment, of Indian administration—I mean foolscap paper (cheers); but the fact is, ladies and gentlemen, that within the last thirty years there has scarcely been a single campaign on this Continent, in which my honorable friend and colleague has not taken a personal and active part; scarcely a single important administrative measure in the preparation of which he has not conspicuously participated (loud cheers). He came to India with the experience of an Ensign; he leaves India with the experience of a General Officer, whose ability and courage have been often tested in the field, and who has long administered, and greatly improved, the administration of the War Department, which is one of the most important Departments of the Government of India (loud cheers). On behalf of the only other Department which is still more important,—indeed perhaps it is the most important of all—I mean the Financial Department,—I wish to express to Sir Henry Norman my deep and sincere gratitude for the admirable and patriotic example he has

bequeathed to his successor, who will, I trust, be encouraged by that example to follow with fidelity his footsteps in the difficult, invidious, but beneficent, path of administrative economy (cheers). Ladies and gentlemen, in his younger years, as Adjutant of his Regiment, my honorable friend and colleague fought with great bravery and distinction in some of the severest of those great battles which have added the important Province of the Punjab to the Empire of British India (cheers); and, still winning his way up the ladder of life by exertions, no less creditable to himself than advantageous to the State, it was his singular good fortune, and most enviable honor, to become one of the moving and animating spirits of that famous siege which laid prostrate at our feet, with all its rebel cohorts, the false and cruel Court of Delhi—that siege which, in the darkest hour of its danger, saved, and I trust saved for ever, the British Power in India (loud cheers). Many of us here to-night, ladies and gentlemen, have recently visited the scene of that memorable exploit; and to some of us the marble halls of the Mogul may have seemed still pallid with horror, and his ruined chambers still reddened by a memory of blood, but none of us—at least none of us civilians—is in a position to realize fully the hardships endured, the terrible anxieties and trials so successfully and nobly undergone, by that little band of great men whose names are imperishably associated with the siege of Delhi (loud cheers).

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Well, ladies and gentlemen, after that memorable siege, my honorable friend and colleague joined Lord Clyde, and

assumed charge of one of the most important and responsible of our military offices—I mean that of the Adjutant-General—and after risking a life already valuable by numerous exposures of it, from which, I believe, he did not escape altogether scatheless, he became ere long the youngest Lieutenant-Colonel in the service, covered with those medals and decorations which every Englishman would be so proud to earn as he has earned them (loud cheers). But the experience he had acquired, with so much accompanying renown, upon the field of battle, was not rendered useless by the re-establishment of peace. It found, in fact, a fresh field of perhaps more extended usefulness, when shortly afterward, Sir Henry Norman joined the Military Department in the capacity of Secretary to it. In that capacity my honorable friend quickly became the chief and trusted adviser of the State in regard to all those great measures of re-organization and reform which the mutiny had rendered necessary, and more especially, the re-organization of the Army with which he was so closely and honorably connected (loud cheers).

Eight years after that date, Sir Henry Norman had risen to the highest civil position to which it is possible for any military officer in this country to aspire (cheers). He had not only fulfilled, with great advantage to the Government, the full term of his five years' service as Military Member of the Viceroy's Council, but had, on two separate occasions, been especially requested to prolong his connection with that Council, whose deliberations he has so greatly assisted (cheers). He has also on two separate, and by no means

unimportant, occasions, acted as President of the Council in the absence of the Viceroy (cheers) ; and I may be allowed to say that during the whole of this period, my honorable friend and colleague has placed unreservedly, and most loyally, upon a great variety of questions, at the service of the head of this Government, his great experience, his quite unrivalled memory, and his astonishing mastery of detail (loud cheers). It is but a short time that I myself have been at the head of this Government ; but during the whole of that time I have received from Sir Henry Norman assistance, the most valuable and the most valued. What I owe to his modesty and forbearance, to his conciliatory consideration of many projects and opinions, which were perhaps not always in accordance with his own views, is only less than all I owe to his great experience, his cautious judgment, and his indefatigable industry (loud cheers).

Ladies and gentlemen, I am confident that whatever be the field—whether of labour or of repose—for which he will so soon leave us, those rare qualities will be no less gratefully appreciated by all who may have the happiness of being associated with Sir Henry Norman in public, or in private, life (loud cheers).

Certain I am that to both and each of them he carries with him the cordial and affectionate good wishes of those he leaves behind him in India (loud cheers).

On their behalf, ladies and gentlemen, I now request you to fill your glasses, and to join me in drinking, with full honors, long life, health, and prosperity, to Sir Henry Norman and to Lady Norman.

SPEECH AT THE PRESENTATION OF COLORS
AND DISTRIBUTION OF PRIZES TO THE
CALCUTTA VOLUNTEER RIFLES.

March 17th, 1877.

COLONEL WALTON, OFFICERS NON-COMMISSIONED OFFICERS,
AND PRIVATES OF THE CALCUTTA VOLUNTEER RIFLES—

It was with pride and pleasure that, immediately after my arrival in India, that is to say just a year ago, I accepted the position of Honorary Colonel of this Corps ; and it was also with reluctance and regret that I found myself unable to accept the proposal, shortly afterwards made to me, that I should then formally make over to your keeping the colors carried by your predecessors, the old Volunteer Guards of Calcutta. The postponement of that pleasant duty was occasioned, partly by the ill-health of your gallant Colonel at the time, partly also by an unavoidable pressure of public business. But a pleasure postponed, if only it be realised at last, is often a pleasure enhanced : and to-day I experience a new satisfaction in the fulfilment of an old promise. My predecessor, your late Honorary Colonel, possessed an intimate knowledge of military matters,—a knowledge which my own limited knowledge has denied to me. He was himself an eager volunteer. Even under the stress of constant and important public business, he found time to go through that course of military training which qualified him to become an efficient Yeomanry Officer ; and, in his position as Under-Secretary of State for War, he was one of the earliest

and most ardent promoters of the great volunteer movement, in England. Claims such as these upon your confidence and sympathy, it is not in my power to advance. But this I think, I can honestly assert in justification of my presence here to-day, that no man, not even Lord Northbrook himself, not even my honoured friend Colonel Walton, can desire more deeply than I do, to see the great principle and practice of 'Volunteer Service' as popular and as powerful in India as they are at home. It was to me a source of no little satisfaction that the late Imperial Assemblage at Delhi afforded me an opportunity of publicly and conspicuously manifesting the value I attach, and the position I ascribe, to the Volunteer Forces. But it is a source of still greater satisfaction to me that my confidence has been so amply justified by the conduct of those in whose appreciation of it I then confided. On that great occasion, the Volunteers were associated with a picked and representative gathering of all the armed forces of the Indian Empire. Your own corps was well represented by two fine companies, and to your Colonel was confided the command of the whole. The result entirely realised my anticipations, not only by the creditable appearance of the Volunteers, but also by the readiness with which they cheerfully submitted to the unwonted restraints of a discipline not habitual to their experience. The colors I am now about to confide to your trusted keeping will long, I hope, connect with the vigorous present and promising future of your own younger corps, the historic past of those Volunteer Guards who were first enrolled in the darkest hour of India's peril. In the year 1857,

the word "Volunteer" had not yet become, what it is now, an honoured household word throughout our native country ; and the first attempts to form a Volunteer Force in Calcutta received, I believe, but scant encouragement from the Government of the day. But the public spirit of the English inhabitants of this city could not be repressed. On the 16th of June, in that year, crowds of citizens assembled on this glacis of the Fort, all of them animated by a desire so vehement and determined to aid in the defence of the Empire that, for this purpose, they were hastily formed into armed companies. On that occasion the Englishmen of India set to their countrymen at home a bright example which has since been profitably followed, I may say, by the whole of England. Four months later, the colors which I now hold in my hand were presented to those Volunteer Guards by Lady Canning. The honored ashes of that noble and beneficent lady remain with us here in India, and in your hearts the honored memory of her virtues will also, I trust, be cherished so long as these colors remain in your hands. The corps that first received them from her, grew and prospered ; the rising wave of rebel war never indeed reached this metropolis, and the Calcutta Volunteers were never called to the field of battle. But meanwhile, they prevented Calcutta itself from becoming a field of battle : and in restoring confidence and tranquility to this important city, they underwent trials, hardly, perhaps, less harrassing than those of troops on active service in the field. Artillery and cavalry were afterwards added to their force. But still the Volunteer movement was not in favour with the

authorities of the day ; and when the pressure of imminent danger disappeared, the Volunteer Force disappeared with it. Now just about the time when India was thus breaking up and disbanding her Volunteer Forces, the great Volunteer movement was beginning in England. That movement I myself regard as one of the most valuable and salutary that has yet occurred at home. Unlike so many other social movements, it was not a morbid progress towards political paralysis, but a wholesome progress towards a manly regeneration of the national spirit,—a progress fraught with promise of the national future. The years 1859-60 saw no less than 150,000 Volunteers enrolled for the defence of England ; and the admirable volunteer system then inaugurated has since taken root and brought forth abundantly. It was hardly possible that a movement so important at home should not re-act upon India ; and accordingly, in the year 1862, the present corps was formed. It was not formed under the pressure of immediate danger ; and for this reason, perhaps, the progress of its development was slow ; but if slow, it has at least been steady. In the year 1867, my friend your present most able Colonel, succeeded to the command of this corps, and from that time forward, its history has been one uninterrupted improvement. It must be, I think, to Colonel Walton a source of proud satisfaction, as it is certainly to me a cause of cordial congratulation, that the number and the effective strength of our corps are now three times what they were when he assumed command of it.

Officers, Non-Commissioned Officers, and Privates,—It

is not a presentation of colors in the ordinary sense of the word that I am now about to make to you, for the peculiar constitution of your corps is such that these colors can never be carried at the head of your ranks ; but to your keeping I confide them, because in you I recognise the worthy and natural guardians of those traditions which connect the past with the present in the history of the Volunteer movement in India. Of great dangers which this Empire has survived, these colors may serve to remind a generation to whom danger is as yet unknown, and thus they will help, I trust, to perpetuate the practical character of what some persons are still disposed to regard as a pretence. To every man who bears arms in the defence of this great Empire, whether he belongs to the Regular or Volunteer Forces, I, your Viceroy, say with confidence, in the name of your beloved Sovereign—*Cæsarem portas, fortuna namque Cæsaris*—with your cause you carry Cæsar, and with Cæsar you carry his fortunes.

SPEECH AT THE FAREWELL DINNER TO SIR
ARTHUR HOBHOUSE IN GOVERNMENT
HOUSE, CALCUTTA.

March 23rd, 1877.

His Excellency rose and proposed that of the guest of the evening in the following terms :—

Ladies and gentlemen,—This is the second time within a few weeks that we have met to bid farewell to friends.

It is the third time, since the commencement of my short official life in this country, that I have lost a valued colleague. My own experience of India can only be reckoned by months, and yet the accumulated Indian experience of which during this short period I have been prematurely deprived, may be reckoned by scores of years. I cannot even state this fact, without feelings akin to those which distressed a certain foreign lady of my acquaintance who tenanted a very comfortable house in the neighbourhood of a very famous cathedral. One day she gave her landlord sudden notice of her intention to quit her lodgings. The landlord was surprised. He said to her—"Madam, what fault can you find with my house?" "I find no fault with your house," she replied, "but I find great fault with the cathedral clock which is so close to your house. If it would only be content with striking the hours, I should not so much mind; but it insists on striking the quarters also; and that cuts up my life into too many little bits."

Now, in my own ears, during the last ten months, the iron horologue of official destiny has been sounding, almost quarterly, stern signals of separation and departure; and with each of its funeral chimes it has seemed to me that some portion of my own life was being chimed away from me. Eleven months ago I was the junior member of the Viceregal Council; but if vacancies go on at their present rate, I shall soon become senior member, and entitled to act as President of the Council in my own absence.

Twice already it has been my privilege to give public expression to the gratitude of numerous members of our com-

munity for benefits conferred upon them, or upon some good cause in which they are interested, by the wise head and helpful hand of my honorable friend, Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Once in connection with art, and once again more recently in connection with education, I have been associated with those who assembled to acknowledge a public debt to the personal worth of my honorable friend. Nothing I could say on the present occasion (although there is very much that I might say) would materially strengthen that acknowledgment; and I shall therefore avail myself of the expedient adopted by a certain poor friar who was once sent by the Bishop to preach a lenten sermon in some important locality of the diocese. This was a great event in the friar's life. He was deeply impressed by the solemnity of it; and the sermon he preached was considered so appropriate to the occasion that the Bishop ordered him to preach a second sermon on the following Friday. But the poor friar had prepared no second sermon, and could think of nothing to say which he had not already said with great sincerity before. So, when he re-ascended his pulpit, he artfully addressed the congregation in some such words as these: "Brethren," he said, "it has come to my knowledge that certain evil-disposed persons have asserted that the sermon I last preached to you was heretical. To convince you how unfounded is that charge, I shall now preach to you the same sermon all over again."

Ladies and gentlemen,—I am going to follow the friar's example. I am going to say over again in your presence, and in that of our friends, Sir Arthur and Lady Hobhouse,

some portion, at least, of what I have often had occasion to say in private on the subject which occupies our hearts this evening.

Ladies and gentlemen,—Sir Arthur Hobhouse first came to India five years ago as the worthy successor of a worthy predecessor : and now that he is about to leave India,—leaving India bettered by his presence and proud of his name,—I think there is not one of those predecessors, however eminent he be, who might not say what was said by Sir Walter Scott to one of his literary contemporaries after reading *Child Harold*—“It is lucky for us that our reputation was made in time.”

But, in any case, the reputation of my honorable friend himself was made betimes, in life's fresh morning. When a mere youth, he quitted Oxford, he had already attained the double summit of that two-fold eminence which is haunted by the academic Muses. He was simultaneously senior classic, and one of those Argonauts who annually cruise after fame on the College Boat. Then, and before then, and since then, and ever since, Sir Arthur Hobhouse has kept steadily and successfully in view the importance of that complete human culture, of which Gæthe was the grand apostle : that well-balanced culture which combines wholesome intellectual with wholesome physical exercise, bracing the body to bear the burdens put upon it by the mind. My honourable friend has probably had a larger share than falls to the lot of most men, of hard, dry, dull work to do. But happy are they whose youth, like his, has slept and dreamed in that fairy land which is open

to the classic scholar ; for when they wake, as wake they must, to the daily drudgery of this dull world, through which we all have to make our way, and earn our bread by the sweat of our brows at least, they can boast, like Paracelsus, in Browning's noble poem, that they wake

“With wrists and anklets jewell'd still ”

And thus it happens that, whether as an eminent member of the Chancery Bar, or as a still eminent member of the Government of India, my honorable friend has been able to clothe, as few other men could clothe them, the dry bones and tedious details of the most complex legal question in all the lucid grace and fluent charm of rare faculties of expression, enriched and refined by an exquisite scholarship.

Ladies and gentlemen,—Sir Arthur Hobhouse has sometimes confided to my most sympathising ear his own experience of that weariness and lassitude from which, I suppose, no hard-worked public man can hope to be wholly exempt in the dreary grind of official labour. But I must certainly say that, whenever he gives us in Council the results of what he has been grinding at, nothing of it remains that is either “weary, flat, stale, or unprofitable.” The charm of his lively eloquence makes law itself

“Not harsh and crabbed, as dull fools suppose,
But musical as is Apollo's lute.”

Ladies and gentlemen,—It is quite impossible for any outsider to form an adequate idea of the magnitude, importance, and variety of the work done by the Legal Member of the Indian Government, if he happens to be gifted

with the intellectual activity possessed by my honourable friend.

There is scarcely a single question of any importance with which the Government of India has to deal,—whether in its financial, commercial, political, or administrative departments,—that is not in some way or other connected with, or depended upon, points of law ; scarcely a single question upon which the authoritative advice of a highly-trained legal mind is not absolutely necessary for the guidance of the Government and the well-being of the Empire. And yet apart from all this, and in addition to all this, the Law Member has his own special department to conduct ; and that department is one of the busiest of the Government. Any man who might take the trouble to examine its archives would be astonished, I think, by the immense amount of patient labour and statesman-like genius of which those archives are the record. In fact, it is not too much to say that if he be up to his business, the Law Member of this Government must combine the industry of a clerk with the foresight and insight of a seer. For his department is a sort of political Medea's cauldron, in which the past is being continually remoulded and rejuvenated in the form and body of the future.

There is a strange old story of this strange old East, which says that on the Indian plain of Dahia, the Creator drew forth from the loins of Adam his whole posterity down to the latest hour of human history. Race after race, generation upon generation, forth they swarmed upon that Indian plain in the minute semblance of small ants. And

there, and then, the pre-existent nations acknowledged God, and confessed their dependence on His providence. Now, if I may be allowed to use so fantastic an illustration, I would say—contemplating all the great social developments of India in the present and the future,—that the seeds of their upspring and the germs of their growth—minute at first, perhaps, as those human emmets in the eastern tale, but far-reaching in their countless consequences—may be traced to the unapparent but creative toil which the providence of empires has imposed on the Legislative Department of this Government.

Ladies and gentlemen,—The field of official labour, fructified by the energetic intellect of my honorable and learned friend, consists of four important provinces,—1st, codification of procedure; 2ndly, measures of consolidation; 3rdly, measures of classification; and, 4thly, local laws.

In the first compartment of this four-fold field the Code of Civil Procedure, which we hope to pass into law next week, will remain—*monumentum ære perennius*—a lasting monument of thought and labour, imperishably associated with the honored name of Sir Arthur Hobhouse. Under all the other categories I might enumerate, if time allowed, measures which owe to him either their birth or their education in numbers that would fill a longer scroll than Leporello's famous list of his master's naughty conquests. But happily the conquests of my honourable friend are not so fragile as those of Don Juan, and therefore I leave the enumeration of them with confidence to future historians.

And now I turn to another side of my hon'ble friend's official career in India. It is one of which I am more competent to speak, for it touches me on the tenderest and most sensitive side of my own official experience. It was said by an old poet that Justice had retained the Graces in her ante-room. Sir Arthur Hobhouse has certainly introduced them into the Legislative Department. Of the kindly and helpful hand never withheld by my hon'ble friend from any of us, his colleagues, in the difficulties of our own departments, of his consideration for political opponents, and his fidelity to political friends, I speak to grateful hearts in which the memory of his social kindness and graceful courtesy to all his colleagues, and to all his subordinates, will long be cherished. For my own share in their approaching loss, one reflection partially consoles me.

Ladies and gentlemen,—You may remember that the Indian priest, whose story is told us by Herodotus, when he mounted his funeral pyre, refused to take leave of Alexander: “for you,” he said prophetically, “I shall meet again at Babylon.” Well, our friend is soon about to mount what I may call the pyre of his Indian life: and farewell is a word we must needs say to each other for a while. But I trust that this is no final separation; for I hope that we shall meet again, a few years hence, in that modern Babylon whence we came, and whither, please God, I also shall return. Favoured and fortunate are they who, like my hon'ble friend, return to it alive and well, with “all that should accompany” that homeward voyage—“as honour, love”—and if not “troops of friends,” still at

least the sympathy and respect of troops of friends who will long and often miss them, in the far-off land.

But Sir Arthur Hobhouse takes with him something more precious than all these,—something which makes our own loss greater still—the companionship of that accomplished lady who leaves behind her here, in India, a name associated with good works and kind actions, with generous causes and gentle influences, and with that graceful hospitality we have all enjoyed so often. I ask you, then, ladies and gentlemen, to fill your glasses, and join me in wishing to Sir Arthur and Lady Hobhouse a happy journey home, and all blessings on the home to which they will soon be journeying. [The toast was drunk amidst great applause.]

SPEECH ON THE BUDGET IN THE VICEREGAL COUNCIL.

March 28th, 1877.

His Excellency the President said—Before putting the last motion, I will make a few observations on the Financial Statement which had been presented to us by my hon'ble colleague, Sir John Strachey. My hon'ble friend began his singularly able financial statement by observing that it is the first financial statement made before the public in this Council since the year 1872. I am glad that, in the first year of my administration, the Government of India has had the opportunity of submitting its whole financial policy to the discussion of this Council. Whatever may be thought of the manner in which we have availed

ourselves of this opportunity, no one, I think, can justly say that it has been half-hearted, reserved, evasive, or ambiguous. Rarely has any Government been able to take the public into a confidence so complete as that which on the present occasion, it has, at least, been our honest endeavour to facilitate; not only about our acts, but even, I might almost say, our inmost thoughts, our anxieties and hopes, our regrets and aspirations. When this Government was deprived of the experienced aid of my friend Sir W. Muir, Sir John Strachey, at the request of the Secretary of State, under a high sense of personal obligation to public duty, consented to exchange a very comfortable and easy post for a very anxious and laborious one. But to the discharge of its difficult duties, during a difficult period, few men could have brought greater courage and capacity than those which received, last week, from my hon'ble friend, Mr. Bullen-Smith, such generous, though well-deserved, recognition.

There is one of the announcements made by my hon'ble colleague in his Financial Statement which no Hon'ble Member has yet noticed; but on which I congratulate myself, and on which I think the public may also be congratulated. I allude to the announcement, that although indeed we cannot at present apply the new rule to existing works, yet the expenditure on all unremunerative public works, which may hereafter be undertaken, will be carefully excluded from Extraordinary Account. This is a change of policy decided on by the Secretary of State when Lord Northbrook was Viceroy: but it has never before been

publicly announced as the rule we intend to follow. Now, it may be said that this rule is a mere reform in book-keeping; in fact, that it is a very small matter. I admit that it is a small matter if it goes no further; but it will certainly not be my fault, nor that of my hon'ble colleague, if it does not go a great deal further; and if it only goes far enough, I maintain that it is a very great matter. So far as it does go, it is a step in the right direction; for I share the doubt expressed by Sir John Strachey whether our Extraordinary Budgets have not been altogether a mistake. In the course of an official life which at least began early, it has frequently been my hard lot to grope my way with the greatest difficulty through the Financial Accounts of Continental Governments, in order to place before my own Government an accurate estimate of their financial situation. And a system which I have more than once officially described as vicious and misleading,—a system which has, I confess, sorely tried my temper, when adopted by other Governments,—is certainly not one which I can regard without reluctance, as the system to be permanently pursued by the Government of India. The French Government, to its credit, has already abandoned that system. I have heard it said that our own system is exempt from the objections which apply to the Extraordinary Budgets of Continental States; since we do not put into our Extraordinary Budget any expenditure which ought properly to be carried to Ordinary Account. But I do not think we are entitled to lay that flattering unction to our souls. As a matter of fact, we have put into our Extraordinary Account

many charges which ought to have been carried to Ordinary Account. However Spartan may be our financial virtue, still we are but human ; and, in my opinion, the whole system of Extraordinary Account is a perilous temptation to human weakness. A great English thinker, Mr. Burke, in his character of George Grenville, has held up to contempt those persons who mistake regulations for commerce, and figures for finance ; and, certainly, I do not pretend to say that good book-keeping is, in itself, tantamount to good finance. But I do say that it goes a long way towards good finance, and that it is the primary condition of a sound financial situation. I think that our book-keeping has hitherto not been so good as it might be ; and I say this with some confidence, although I say it in the presence of a gentleman whom I believe to be one of the ablest and the most conscientious Financial Secretaries which this, or any other Government, has ever had the good fortune to possess. It is quite impossible for me to express in terms too strong the acknowledgement which, on my own behalf, I desire to add to those of Sir John Strachey, of the valuable services which this Government has received, and is receiving, from Mr. Chapman. But I am certain that Mr. Chapman himself feels as strongly as any man, that our system of account-keeping, which he himself has so greatly improved, is not yet as simple as might be. Indeed, I may say that I have always found in him one of the strongest advocates for this reform. I am sure that he feels what I feel myself, that no man, who has studied as intelligently as he has studied the past history of Indian

finance, will regard as unfounded the fears expressed by my hon'ble colleague, that the system, hitherto followed, of jumbling up together remunerative and unremunerative public works in an account, to which the term 'extraordinary' is extremely applicable, has tended to make us less chary than we should otherwise have been in spending money upon them. For my own part, I am not at all afraid of the deficits which we might have to show by a change of system. What I do regard with fear and distrust is everything which may tend to conceal those deficits unduly from our own eyes or from those of the public. The first step towards getting rid of deficit is to look it frankly in the face. Nature abhors a vacuum; and the recognition of a financial vacuum is so revolting to ordinary human nature, that our best chance of filling it up consists in never losing sight of it. My hon'ble colleague has shown that, during the last seven years, while our expenditure has remained stationary, our income has steadily increased; and I am convinced that our financial character has everything to gain, and nothing to fear, from public criticism, if only public criticism be furnished with accurate data for the guidance of impartial judgments.

There is another subject by no means unimportant, although the Government is not in a position to afford Hon'ble Members an opportunity of practically expressing their opinions by recording their votes upon it. It was for that reason, no doubt, that my hon'ble friend reserved it for the close of his financial statement; but in the arrangement of my own remarks upon that statement, it will

I think, be convenient that I should say at once what little I have to say about it. I refer to the present position of this Government in reference to the Cotton Duties. Now I am not going to tax the patience of the Council with a long disquisition on those duties. I shall abstain from doing so, for three very sufficient reasons. In the first place, there is now under discussion no measure which even is remotely connected with the Cotton Duties. In the second place, I have the misfortune to differ on this subject from the opinions entertained about it by many able and hon'ble gentlemen who have given to the consideration of it prolonged attention. Some of them are men of great eminence. Several of them are possessed of wide experience and high authority on fiscal and commercial questions, and not a few of them are my esteemed personal friends. Consistently, therefore, with the sincere respect I entertain for those who advocate the indefinite maintenance of the present import duties on Cotton goods, I could not adequately justify my dissent from their convictions without entering into a somewhat lengthened and detailed examination of the points on which we differ. But to do this, when there is no measure before us either to defend or oppose, would, in my opinion, be an inexcusable waste of the valuable time of this Council. There is only one view of the question to which I feel obliged to demur. It is that which assumes that, on the one hand, those statesmen who have advocated the permanent maintenance of our present Cotton Duties, have done so regardless of the debt which, as English statesmen, they owe to English interests; or

that, on the other hand, those who, like myself, earnestly desire the removal of these duties from our customs tariff, are recklessly indifferent to the duty which, as Indian Legislators, we owe to Indian interests. On this point I cannot too cordially re-echo the language held by my hon'ble friend, Mr. Bullen-Smith. My pride and confidence in the character of my countrymen are far too great to admit within the scope of my liveliest imaginative efforts, such a notion as that the maintenance of the Cotton Duties has ever been advocated by English statesmen without reference to English interests. But I must also add that I am not prepared to concede to the advocates of these duties a monopoly of disinterested devotion to the interests of India. To say the truth, I am all the less disposed to do so for this reason: with those from whom I reluctantly differ on the question of the Cotton Duties, I cannot, and do not, presume to claim equality in tested ability or recognized authority: but I do claim equality with all of them in the conscientious desire to deal justly and truly by the interests of this Empire. Therefore I will not yield to any man an inch of foothold on that one and only ground within whose special limits every honest man is entitled to consider himself the equal of its most illustrious occupant. Nor, indeed, am I able to recognise much reality in the ingenious distinction which has been suggested between the interests of Manchester and the interests of England. The so-called interests of Manchester are a great vital organic part of the whole English body-politic; and, though it may be convenient to do so in theory, it appears

to me quite impossible in fact, or in act, to separate the part from the whole. If a man stabs me in the hand or the foot, I am not comforted by his assurance that he recognises a distinction between my limbs and myself; that he has only been attacking my foot, or my hand; and that he had no intention of inflicting any personal injury on me. He *does* inflict a personal injury upon me; and the pain and hurt of that injury I feel, not only in the spot where I am wounded, but in every part of my body. But I do not think this question is primarily or exclusively a Manchester question. Political Economy is either a science or it is not. If it is a science, the laws of it are not affected by locality or climate. They will assert themselves as inexorably in one part of the world as in another, whether they are followed or disregarded. No one, I presume, will assert that a financial principle, if sound at all, is not equally sound in every case to which it is applicable. In the present stage of economic science, few men venture to advocate openly protective duties, on the ground that they are protective. The advocates of such duties, generally, try to persuade themselves and their opponents that the duties which practically protect a young manufacture, are not maintained for the purpose of protecting it. Now, I am not so pedantic a political economist as to deny, or even to doubt, that in many quite conceivable circumstances, *bona fide* protective duties may be proper duties. But I like to call a spade a spade. And I congratulate my hon'ble friend, Maharajah Narendra Krishna, upon having the courage of his opinions. I have no doubt that my hon'ble friend, the Maharajah,

unconsciously uttered the secret sentiment of many hearts besides his own, when he frankly told us that he hoped our present Cotton Duty would be maintained, because he believed it to be necessary for the protection of our cotton manufactures. My experienced predecessor, however, in a statement of great ability, which he made two years ago, on this subject, observed that "Indian statesmen have all acknowledged the principles of recent English financial legislation to be sound, although, owing to the differences between the two countries, it has been impossible to carry them out as completely in India as in England" "Indian statesmen," he said, "have never regarded Customs Duties as desirable for the purpose of protecting the products or manufactures of India. In India, equally as in England, protection has been regarded as an exploded doctrine, contrary to the general interests of the country which imposes protective duties." I accept, and endorse, this statement; and, if I object to the present Cotton Duties, it is because they appear to me inconsistent with sound financial principles, and, as such, injurious to the interests of India. Now, this opinion may be right or wrong. Like all human opinions, it is open to discussion; but, as my hon'ble friend, Sir John Strachey, has appealed to my opinion, I feel it due to him, due to myself, and due to the public, that I should assure this Council that my hon'ble friend has not misinterpreted or misstated my opinion. In saying that the Secretary of State has left to the Government of India a large discretion on this subject, my hon'ble friend Mr. Bullen-Smith did no more than justice to the common sense of my

noble friend, the Secretary of State. Yes, the Secretary of State has left to us a large discretion, but he has not left to us an unlimited discretion. The Secretary of State has distinctly affirmed and established the principle by which he intends our action to be guided ; and the discretion he has left to us extends only to the time and mode which we may deem most suitable and most efficacious for carrying that principle into practical effect. In the exercise of that discretion, we have reluctantly recognised, but frankly acknowledged, the practical impossibility of any present reduction of the Import Duty on Cotton Goods. No one, so far as I am aware, no one in England or in India, has ever advocated or even suggested the reduction of this duty at the cost of fresh taxation for the purpose ; and most certainly no such course is, or has ever been, contemplated by myself.

I am sorry to say that I cannot dispute the opinion expressed by my hon'ble friend, Mr. Bullen-Smith, that our financial system is not yet free from other features quite as vicious, if not indeed more vicious than these Cotton Duties from a purely fiscal point of view. But I doubt if they are equally objectionable, from a social and political point of view. Be that as it may, however, my hon'ble friend cannot desire more ardently than I do myself to see our fiscal policy purged of their presence. They all stand upon our condemned list ; and I hope it may be in our power, as it will certainly be within our aim, to deal simultaneously with at least the worst of them. But I dare not indulge in vaticination. The awful warning contained in the homily addressed last Wednesday by my hon'ble friend,

the Lieutenant-Governor, to my hon'ble colleague, Sir John Strachey, is still ringing in my intimidated ear. Mrs. Malaprop, long ago, averred that we should not anticipate misfortunes till they are past; and certainly that is a policy which appears to have greatly commended itself of late years to English statesmanship. But my hon'ble friend, the Lieutenant-Governor, goes further than Mrs. Malaprop, and forbids us even to anticipate good fortune. Therefore, as I am sitting just now within close reach of his ferule, I will endeavour not to anticipate anything at all. Perhaps, however, I may be permitted to mention one fact, which I hope will satisfy hon'ble members that we have not been regardless of salt or sugar in our efforts at fiscal reform. No man can be more impatient than I am myself to see removed, as soon as possible, from the records of Anglo-Indian History, such a scandal as our present frontier Inland Customs. Previous to the present appointment so ably held by my hon'ble friend, Sir John Strachey,—indeed some months before his return to India, and before either of us could have anticipated that we should be sitting to-day at the same Council Board,—I had entered into personal negotiations with the Rulers of those Native States whose co-operation is an unavoidable condition to any practical measures for the removal of this commercial “abomination of desolation standing where it ought not.” These negotiations are now so far, and so satisfactorily, advanced as to justify, I think, some confidence in the anticipation that, ere long, we shall be able to effect an early breach in what my hon'ble friend has not unfairly,

I think, described as our commercial wall of China. But more than this I dare not say at the present moment, for fear of incurring renewed rebuke from my hon'ble friend, and close neighbour, the Lieutenant-Governor ; and, therefore, without pausing to put even a pinch of salt on the visionary tail of this bird in the bush, I will ask permission to say a few words on behalf of the two little birds I now hold in my hand.

One of the most pressing and important questions I had to consider on behalf of this Government, when I assumed charge of it, was—whether we can afford to go on borrowing, as heretofore, something like four millions sterling annually for the prosecution of Extraordinary Public Works. I came to the conclusion that we cannot afford it. Then I had to consider whether we can afford to do without such works, or to prosecute them on a greatly reduced scale. I am satisfied that this is equally impossible. These works are our only safeguard against famine ; and their vigorous prosecution is, in my opinion, essential to the prosperity of the Empire. What should we do then ? From the dilemma in which we are thus placed, reflection has convinced me that there is only one practical issue. It is, however, an issue which, I believe, to be not only practical but highly advantageous ; and I find it in the prompt adoption and steady development of financial decentralization accompanied by localised administrative responsibility. Of this principle, it is the privilege of my hon'ble colleague, Sir John Strachey, to be one of the official parents. But I think I may honestly say, on my own behalf, that it is not as a convert

I am prepared to maintain it: at least my conversion to it dates far back in the course of my official life. It is not only in India that the conflicting principles of centralization and decentralization have been debated or considered, in reference to financial and administrative policy. I have watched in other countries the conflict of those principles, and witnessed the issue of it. Observing that even in Spain, which should more properly, perhaps, be called "the Spains," it has been found impossible, up to the present moment, to codify the laws which govern the most essential relations, and determine the most fundamental interests, of society; observing, too, that over a geographical area comparatively so restricted as that of the Austrian Empire, it has been found, after repeated effort, equally impossible to apply one centralized homogeneous system of taxation to all the Imperial provinces; it certainly does seem to me surprising that English statesmanship, generally so free from the Continental passion for legislative symmetry, should have persisted in attempting to apply to every part of an empire vast, various, and composite, as this of India, the same form and mode of taxation. Doubtless, there is one conspicuous and most satisfactory exception to this otherwise general rule of our past financial policy. But it is an exception which tells most strongly in favour of the principle we are now endeavouring to introduce. The Government of India has never applied the contrary principle to its administration of the Land Revenue; and I think I may safely say that, on the whole, no branch of the public service has been so wisely, or so well, administered as the Land Revenue.

I listened with the attention which his clear and practical utterances always command from me, to the few observations made last Wednesday by my hon'ble friend Maharajah Jotendro Mohun Tagore upon the policy which has led us to introduce these Bills; and to which they will give effect, partial as yet no doubt, but salutary, I hope, so far as it can now be extended. I did not gather from what he then said that he had any cause to complain of the application to Bengal of the principle of localised financial responsibility; and indeed, I think, it can hardly be doubted that, if there be one province in India to which, more than any other, this principle may be justly and equitably applied, it is the wealthy and privileged province of Bengal. I trust, then, that the measures we hope to pass into law this morning will be prolific of beneficial results, which may hereafter be more widely extended. This will not be through any merits of their own; for in themselves they are somewhat insignificant little measures: but because of the principles they recognize, and which they will help us to carry out.

Before I assumed the anxious charge of this administration, it was said to me by experienced friends,—and said with a prophetic truth which has been prematurely verified by my personal experience,—that the one thing which of all others it behoves every Governor-General of India to be constantly foreseeing, is the unforeseen.

Scarcely had I reached Calcutta, ere the rosy financial horizon, which might otherwise have been opened to the admiring gaze of a pleased and hopeful public, had been

unexpectedly darkened by the appearance of a little cloud, with a depreciated silver lining to it, that was by no means re-assuring. That cloud grew and greatedened till it hung over our heads like a portent of doom; and so grievously did its growth oppress the minds of men, that really I think, I may say, without much exaggeration, that not even the siege of Jerusalem itself was more prolific in warnings, wailings, predictions of disaster, and desperate proposals for reckless remedies, than the financial period covered by the first six months of my administration. And then, just when our financial prospects appeared to promise better things—just when the cloud was clearing away from the horizon, when our patience seemed about to be rewarded, and our confidence revived, a wholly unforeseen calamity occurred; and a great part of the southern region of this Empire was suddenly smitten with widespread famine. Nor is this all. Misfortunes never come single, nor anxieties either; and these things happened during a season of extreme political tension, when no night passed on which we could say with certainty that we should not receive on the morrow some telegram from London or Constantinople of a character very unfavourable to the tranquil prosecution and improvement of our domestic affairs.

From that source of anxiety we have, I am thankful to say, been entirely relieved by the patriotic exertions of my noble friend the present Secretary of State for India. But I am not at all surprised that Hon'ble Members should have alluded in anxious tones to the fallen value of silver measured in gold; for I fear that we cannot reasonably

anticipate any immediate release from the disturbance occasioned by this phenomenon in our exchanges with Great Britain and other countries which have a gold standard of value. I fully recognise the magnitude of the inconvenience thereby occasioned to trade; and I deeply deplore the loss inflicted on many public officers and others who can ill afford it. But I certainly do think that experience has fully justified the resolution to which we came last September, not to tamper prematurely with our standard of value. This question is not, in our opinion, a question that simply affects foreign exchanges. A country's standard unit of value cannot be either enhanced or reduced without injury to many important interests; and India is certainly no exception to the rest of the world. I do not disguise from myself that we may have to face a long period of anxiety and difficulty, during which the various interests, already affected by the depreciation in the value of silver measured in gold, will be slowly and painfully re-adjusting themselves to the altered relations between the precious metals; and I can assure my hon'ble friend, Mr. Hope, that we are by no means indifferent to the importance of the questions in dispute between the monometallists and the bimetallists, or to any of the various modes of utilising the two precious metals with a fixed intervaluation for the establishment of a double or compensatory standard. Indeed, the stoppage of the great compensation valve, formerly opened in France to the world at large, renders all such questions of special interest to this country. And although it is undoubtedly not in our power to announce any im-

mediate or isolated action in regard to it, still we are fully alive to the importance of this subject. I have but very few words to say upon our other great source of financial anxiety.

Now, I think, it cannot be doubted that the present famine is one of the most serious and widespread scarcities with which India has yet been afflicted. In extent and intensity, it greatly exceeds the last famine in Bengal and Behar; and, should there be a failure in the rainfall, due next month, I fear that the scarcity in Madras may assume still more serious dimensions. Yet, although the management of the last famine cost six and three quarter millions, we are able to estimate the net cost of the much larger famine, with which we are now dealing, at no more than five and a quarter millions; and we feel confident that, should we hereafter have to deal with a famine as serious as this, the cost of it will be very much smaller still.

Now, I cannot but think that this is an encouraging fact. It is partly due to the previous completion of adequate railway communications, partly also to the application of principles which experience has proved to be sound, and to the energy and discretion with which those principles have been carried out in many of the famine districts. They were spontaneously resorted to by the Government of Bombay and now that they have been loyally adopted by the Government of Madras, I feel no doubt that they will be no less efficiently and scrupulously acted on in that important presidency. I cannot mention this subject without expressing the sincere gratitude of the Government of

India for the eminent services rendered to it, and to the whole empire, by the indefatigable and most successful labours of Sir Richard Temple. But the person to whom we are, in my opinion, primarily indebted for our present comparatively moderate estimate of famine expenditure, and for our hopes of still more moderate famine estimates in the future, is my immediate predecessor, Lord Northbrook. It must not be forgotten, and it ought, I think, to be thankfully acknowledged, that, although the famine, with which we are dealing, is much larger and more serious than the famine dealt with by Lord Northbrook, the conditions under which we are dealing with it are much more favourable.

In his management of the famine in Bengal and Behar, Lord Northbrook found himself placed under a tremendous pressure of public opinion in favour of reckless expenditure ; but he did not shrink from the no less tremendous responsibility of withstanding it. No public man can ever be entirely independent of public opinion ; and, had Lord Northbrook's hands been wholly free, I have no doubt that he would have greatly diminished the cost of the late famine, without in any wise increasing the loss of human life. But, in the teeth of all antagonisms, he prevented famine expenditure from reaching far more extravagant dimensions. And by resisting public opinion, he educated it. What is the result ? The Government of India, relieved from all undue pressure, is now in a position to carry out calmly, and develop more fully, the principles bequeathed by him for our guidance,

One of these enjoins upon us the importance of providing for famine expenditure out of income, and charging it to Ordinary Account. This principle has been re-affirmed by my hon'ble colleague, Sir John Strachey. It may be said, however, that, though he has re-affirmed it, he is not acting on it, since he finds himself still obliged to borrow on account of famine expenditure. It may be said, that it is easier to lay down principles than to carry them out, and that our present action is a proof of this. It may be said that principles thus publicly proclaimed are too often like triumphal arches, which make a very handsome effect, and look very fine, but which practically lead to nothing. It may be said that, once erected into doctrine, there they remain,—lofty and monumental, with plenty of empty space all round to show them off; but that practical life, going about its business as before, takes care to pass on each side of them, and, whilst admiring them, rarely, makes use of them.

Well, I must admit that our present position is exposed to criticism of that sort. The fact is, however, that Lord Northbrook left India before it was practically in his power, or in the power of any man, to make sufficient provision for enabling his successors to carry out, at the shortest possible notice, the principle he had laid down; and this recurrent calamity has smitten us suddenly before it was in our own power to provide for it in conformity with that principle. But all we ask is fair time and fair play for the future. The salutary principle we hope to affirm to-day—that principle which hands over to Local

Governments the responsible management of local works, coupled with financial responsibility for the result of their management of them,—will, I believe, go far towards facilitating the fulfilment of the principle laid down by Lord Northbrook, and unreservedly adopted by ourselves, as the guide of our future conduct in regard to famine expenditure. For if such expenditure is to be provided for out of ordinary resources, it is quite clear to me that the Governments of the famine-stricken Provinces must, to some extent at the least, be held henceforth responsible for the financial results of their famine management.

My hon'ble colleague wisely and properly refrained from prematurely indicating the step we may hereafter be prepared to take to enable the Government of India to carry out the principle laid down by Lord Northbrook on this subject; but I can assure the Council that we are not regardless of our duty with reference to them.

There is only one other subject on which I need any longer detain the attention of the Council. Sir John Strachey has rightly drawn attention to the ominous circumstance of our increasing military expenditure; and I shall not attempt to deny that this circumstance is one which I regard with profound concern. An examination, however, of the figures given by my hon'ble colleague, in the Minute he has laid before the Council, will show that the net increase in our Military Budget is mainly due to charges not under the control of the Government of India. In regard to those branches of our military expenditure which are under the control of this Government, I am bound to acknowledge

our great obligation to the colleague of whose services we have recently been deprived, for the unceasing vigilance with which he, and the responsible officers acting under him, have successfully restrained the growth of them.

Those who witnessed the representative military force assembled at Delhi last January, cannot have failed to admire the discipline, intelligence, and equipment of the Army of India: but to discipline, to intelligence, and to equipment must be added some power of rapid mobilization, in case of any sudden emergency, before the practical efficiency of an army can be regarded as altogether complete.

Now, some measures taken by us, in consultation with the Commander-in-Chief, and our other military authorities, to remedy certain undeniable deficiency in the mobility of our defensive force, have been misrepresented and magnified, by uninstructed rumour, into preparations for a great campaign against our neighbour. I beg to assure this Council that nothing could possibly be further from our minds than the intention thus imputed to us. It is obvious that, if we harbour any such design as this, the estimates laid before the Council would be very different from what they are. And to rush into purposeless border warfare, or wantonly to provoke hostilities with any of our immediate neighbours, would be an act of insanity, doubly inexcusable on the part of a Government for which I am prepared to claim the merit of having secured, within the last few months, the most beneficent results from the patient pursuance of precisely the opposite policy. Two years ago, our relations with the neighbouring Khanate of

Khelat were so extremely unsatisfactory, that military operations against that country were commended to our immediate adoption by some of our most experienced frontier authorities: But, before having recourse to any act of aggression upon a weak and neighbouring State, the Government of India wisely resolved to make further pacific efforts, for the restoration of order around our western frontier. Those efforts, commenced by Lord Northbrook, it has been my privilege to conduct to a successful issue, and the result of it is that, without having fired a single shot, or shed a single drop of blood, our present relations with Khelat are more satisfactory, more fraught with promise for the future, and security for the present, than they have been for a long series of years. Not only is British influence now predominant throughout that country; not only is this influence cordially welcomed and appreciated by all its inhabitants, from the highest to the lowest;—but the beneficently practical results of the influence, thus established, are already apparent in the restored freedom and security of peaceful commerce, in the rebuilding of villages destroyed by civil war, in the revival and extension of agriculture, and in the general contentment and confidence of the population and its lawful Ruler.

I may be asked, however, what are the means upon which this Government relies for the maintenance of British influence; and why we desire to extend and confirm British influence beyond our own immediate territory?

To the first question, I reply that the means on which we reckon for the maintenance of British influence are loyal

and disinterested advice, supported, if needs be by timely and sufficient assistance, for the promotion, or confirmation, of good government, and social order, in contiguous territories less civilized than our own. To the second question, I reply that we desire the promotion of the salutary British influence beyond our border, because we do not desire the hostile movement of British armies beyond our border. The connection existing between the tribes and populations inside and outside the frontier which it is our duty to guard, is so close, and so far reaching, that any disturbance of the latter vibrates instantaneously along the whole extent of contiguous British territory.

Unrestrained barbarism immediately beyond our frontier means constant insecurity immediately within our frontier. Civil war on the part of neighbouring Asiatic populations, or even a passive, but pronounced, hostility towards the British Government, involves the closing of our trade routes, the maltreatment of merchants, the spoliation of their property, and the chronic disquietude of our subjects. Therefore it is that the one only thing which at no time, past or present, this Government has ever been able to do, however greatly it might desire to do it, is to remain a passive and inert spectator of what passes immediately beyond our border.

Now, I consider that the safest and strongest frontier India can possibly possess would be a belt of independent frontier States, throughout which the British name is honored and trusted ; within which British subjects are welcomed and respected, because they are subjects of a Government

known to be unselfish as it is powerful, and resolute as it is humane, by which our advice is followed without suspicion, and our word relied on without misgiving, because the first has been justified by good results, and the second never quibbled away by timorous sub-intents or tricky saving clauses,—a belt of States, in short, whose chiefs and populations should have every interest, and every desire, to co-operate with our own officers in preserving the peace of the frontier, developing the resources of their own territories, augmenting the wealth of their own treasuries, and vindicating, in the eyes of the Eastern and Western World, their title to an independence, of which we are ourselves the chief well-wishers and supporters.

Looking to the history of recent events along our lower Punjab and Sind frontiers, I cannot think that this aim is unattainable ; or that the desire of attaining it is inconsistent with common sense. But although I believe that the influence I desire to exert and extend is perfectly attainable, I do not believe that it is attainable by means of military expeditions ; or, indeed, by anything except constant friendly contact with our less civilized neighbours, and the presence and every-day acts, in their midst, of earnest upright English gentlemen.

Now, during the last six months, we have passed through a time when the Powers of Europe, armed as they still are to the teeth, seemed drifting into a war, of which the eddies could not fail to reach and trouble the minds of our Asiatic neighbours ; whilst at the same time, our frontier seemed threatened with a succession of local

outrages and disturbances, greatly in excess of any by which it has been afflicted for many years past. At that time it was, in my opinion, the duty of this Government to place itself in a position of preparedness to defend the interests committed to its charge by military action, should military action at any moment be necessary instead of waiting unprepared till the opportunity of effective military action had passed away.

I am not ashamed to say that we did not shrink from recognition of this duty. Had the Pass Afreedees continued recalcitrant; had the recent inroads on British territory been renewed; had the late disturbances on our frontier assumed, as at one time they seemed likely to assume, a more systematic character, then we might have found ourselves at any moment under an imperative obligation to resort to military operations, in order to punish the murder, or preserve the lives and properties of our own subjects, or restore and secure the peace of our frontier. This, however, I can truly say, no one would have recognised more reluctantly, or more deeply regretted the necessity of recourse to such measures than myself. The British Government repudiates all views of conquest or territorial extension. Our territories are already vast enough to occupy all our attention, and satisfy all our ambition.

Our paramount position on this Continent is so indisputable that it is rarely, indeed, we need ever have recourse to arms for the protection of those who trust us, or the punishment of those who deceive us. There is not an independent Native State which is not strengthened by the

bestowal, or weakened by the withdrawal, of our friendship. It has been my object, ever since I assumed charge of affairs in this country, to draw closer, by every legitimate means in my power, the bonds of friendly relation between ourselves and our neighbours. I think there are few persons who will maintain that our present relations with the tribes and peoples immediately upon our north-western border are altogether satisfactory, whether we regard them from a political, or from a philanthropical, point of view. Those neighbouring regions have, after 25 years of the closest geographical contact between us and them, remained almost the only ones in the whole world which are forbidden grounds to British footsteps, except on some mission of vengeance, and for the purpose of burning the homes, or destroying the property, of our neighbours, in retaliation for outrages committed by them upon our own territory. Surely this is not a state of things which any Englishman can contemplate with unmitigated satisfaction, or which any English statesman should wish to perpetuate. I am thankful to say that these retaliatory raids have been somewhat less frequent of late years ; still, already twice within my own short tenure of office, I have been called upon to consider the necessity of recourse to them.

Now, no one can realise more deeply, or acknowledge more unreservedly, than I do myself, the practical difficulties of dealing with such wild social material as that which fringes the greater part of our Indian frontier. If I am inclined to trust more to negotiation and friendly intercourse, and less to a policy of alternate vengeance and

inaction, than some of my predecessors in the government of this country, it is certainly not from any assumption of superior wisdom or humanity on my part. I am well aware that these military expeditions have been considered the only means of bringing our influence to bear efficiently upon turbulent neighbours, by men whose names are no less celebrated for their Christian humanity than for their knowledge of the tribes to whom that system has been applied. Therefore if, with their example and opinion before me, I still prefer to make attempts in the direction of a more patiently pacific, but less impassive, policy, it is not because I undervalue their judgment, or overrate my own, but because the object I have in view appears to me so supremely important, and so generally beneficial to all concerned, as to justify a more systematic prosecution of it than has yet been attempted. If I fail in my own efforts to attain it, I shall not be ashamed; for I had rather be able to say that I have tried, and failed, in such a cause, than be obliged to own that I had never tried at all.

I do not think that, consistently with its high duties to God and man, as the greatest civilizing Power in Asia, this Government can watch coldly and immoveably its closest neighbours floundering in anarchy and bloodshed on its immediate border, without extending to them, in their hour of need, a kindly and a helpful hand, if they seek its assistance and invoke its guidance. Such a policy would be, in my opinion, an atheistic and inhuman one. But whilst humanity condemns a stolid indifference to the interests of

our neighbours, prudence equally forbids undeserved and unrequited favours to those who make no effort to reciprocate our confidence, and justify our protection.

If I do not rely upon military expeditions for the reasonable extension, or maintenance, of British influence around our frontier, neither do I rely upon spasmodic gifts and aimless expenditure of money, or a profitless assumption of embarrassing obligations. •

These, then, are the feelings which induced me to invite a friendly interchange of views between ourselves and our near neighbour, the Ameer of Cabul, on matters of common interest, and for the improvement of our mutual relations ; as also to comply with the suggestion made to us by His Highness, that Envoys on the part of the two Governments should meet at Peshawur for this purpose. These also are the principles which determined the instructions given to Sir Lewis Pelly. The personal and official intercourse between the two Envoys has been friendly. But I regret to say it has been prematurely terminated by a sad event. The Cabul Envoy, who was in seriously ill-health when he arrived on British territory, died at Peshawur, last Saturday, of a malady from which he had long been suffering.

What might otherwise have been the practical results of his conferences with Sir Lewis Pelly, I am no more able to say than any other Member of this Council. But I can positively state to the Council what will *not* be the practical result of these or any other conceivable negotiations with the Ameer of Cabul. •

On the one hand, they will assuredly not result in any unprovoked aggression by us upon the independence, or territories of His Highness, nor in any uninvited intervention in Afghanistan. On the other hand, they will no less assuredly not result in any unreciprocated concessions or uncalled-for obligations on our part.

That His Highness has lost in the late Envoy a wise and honest and an experienced councillor, is a fact which I certainly regret all the more, because it cannot be denied that the mind of the Ameer has been deeply stirred by recent events at Constantinople, which, inflaming the sentiment of religious fanaticism at Cabul, have somewhat disturbed his usually clear judgment and good sense.

The position, however, of this Government in the matter is a very simple and intelligible one. We think that between closely neighbouring States, having in common certain interests, to which neither of them can afford to be wholly indifferent, the best security against mutual misunderstanding and mistrust is to be found in adequate means of free, frank, and frequent intercourse.

We think that in some representations recently made to us by the Ameer, with reference to episodes in our relations with His Highness during the last few years, there is confirmation of this impression ; and we believe that the peculiar and exceptional isolation in which His Highness has been induced to seek a source of strength, is more likely to prove a source of weakness to his rule, by acting prejudicially on the internal peace and progress of his dominions. We have, therefore, assured him that if

he really desires to strengthen the bonds of his relations with us, we shall, at all times, be ready to reciprocate that desire, and to assist him in promoting the attainment of its object ; but that, if he has no such desire, we cannot act on the assumption of a sentiment, the evidence of which is not before us ; that the matter is one which concerns His Highness rather than ourselves ; and that we cannot accept, or acknowledge, unreciprocated liabilities.

I feel that I owe some apology to the Council for having intruded upon it this explanation of the real facts, and plain principles, of our frontier policy ; although, indeed, my explanation has reference to a subject closely, and most practically connected with the Financial Statement of my hon'ble colleague. For it is obvious that on the character of such facts and principles must, at all times, depend the military expenditure, which it is his duty to provide for, and my duty to justify. But my excuse is this: the Viceroy of India has very few opportunities of telling the public the truth, about the facts and principles of his policy on important questions in which the public is legitimately interested. In countries governed by representative institutions, it is the easy function of a free Press to criticise the action of a free Government ; of whose action all the facts and principles are not only well known, but elaborately explained, to the community at large. In India, however, the position of the Press is a peculiarly difficult and embarrassing one ; for it is expected to criticise daily the policy and action of a Government, whose policy and action are, in nine instances out of ten, wholly unknown

to it. And thus, even with the best intention, its judgment is exceptionally liable to error. The members of such a Government as ours cannot sit in the gate like the law-givers of old ; they cannot be continually crying out to the public " Pray, good people, allow us to prove to you that we are neither fools nor knaves ; only hear us for our cause, and be silent that you may hear." But there is, at least, one thing which can be done by the head of this Government to mitigate the mutual disadvantages of an anomalous position. He can, even at the risk of sometimes disregarding official etiquette, seize every opportunity which comes within his reach to win confidence by showing confidence, and to dispel fictions by stating facts. Such an opportunity has been offered me to-day, and I have embraced it eagerly, perhaps even recklessly, because I think that every member of the non-official community ought to feel interested (and I am glad to believe that every member of it does feel interested) in all questions that concern the public welfare. For the management of such questions, this Government must, no doubt, in the first instance, be generously trusted by the public, whose interests it is here to protect or improve. But, sooner or later, the Government must satisfy the public that it has not been regardless of the responsibilities involved in so great a trust ; and the sooner it can do this, the better it will be for all concerned. Since I came to India, the magnitude of these responsibilities has been daily, hourly, I may say unceasingly, present to my mind, and if I err in my own judgment as to the course we ought to follow in the discharge of them, I am

fortunately surrounded by able and experienced councillors who are ever ready to correct me. Believing as I do that at all times the purity of our purpose, and the character of our policy, will bear the light, I hope that I shall ever be ready to court, and never disposed to shirk, the daylight of public opinion.

The Latin proverb avers that all is magnified by the unknown. My own experience assures me that all is distorted by the half-known, and it is not the daylight, but the twilight that I shun.

With these explanations and apologies, I have now to put the motion I hold in my hand.

SPEECH IN REPLY TO THE ADDRESS OF THE OUDH TALOOKDARS.

April 4th, 1877.

TALOOKDARS OF OUDH,—I thank you for your kindly welcome to Lucknow ; and I receive with much pleasure the assurance of your loyalty to the government of the Empress.

There is indeed no class of Her Imperial Majesty's Indian subjects from whom she is entitled to expect a more devoted attachment to Her throne, or more loyal and grateful obedience to Her government than the Talookdars of Oudh. All the populations of the other provinces of this wide empire share equally with yourselves in the peaceful benefits of British rule ; but yours are special causes to regard with personal gratitude that power to whose free gift you

are indebted for all the possessions, privileges, and honors which you now enjoy.

Those possessions, privileges, and honors it will at all times be my anxious desire so to confirm and protect that you may transmit them to your descendents, not only undiminished but improved. But I trust you will on your part never forget that the maintenance of the high position thus assigned to you depends less on the favor of Government than on your intelligent and generous discharge of the duties which accompany its privileges. Of those to whom much has been given much is expected. And from you, the chief owners of the land it has bestowed upon you, the British Government expects a scrupulous regard and sympathising care for the interests and claims of others whose rights in the soil of this great province are no less real than your own.

If I remind you that in no age and in no country has a privileged class long retained its privileges after it has once ceased to exercise them for the general benefit of the people and the State, it is because I sincerely desire to see your own privileges more and more firmly established upon the broadest and surest foundations. But the realization of this desire demands from you a constant recognition of the fact that the talookdars are not the only inhabitants of Oudh whose rights have been solemnly recognised by the British Government. The rights of your lowlier fellow-subjects, though less exalted than yours, are not less important in the eyes of that Government which is the important guardian of the common good.

I understand from your address that the orders by which the administration of Oudh is now united with that of the North-Western Provinces have been to you a cause of some anxiety. Such anxiety is not unnatural; nor can I feel surprised that you should view with some reluctance the administrative union of this province with the greater dependency by which it is on three sides surrounded.

When, however, you fully understand what it is now my duty to tell you plainly, that for reasons of State, of which it is the sole and absolute judge, the Government has deliberately decided that this measure is necessary, and must be duly carried out; then I feel sure that I can confidently claim from you not only a loyal obedience to it, but also such exercise of your influence over others as may ensure the co-operation of all concerned, in the patriotic endeavour to render the necessary change as efficient and beneficial as the Government intends it to be. .

I need not assure you that such proofs of your loyalty and intelligence will confirm the confidence reposed in them by the Government whom it will thus be your high privilege to assist, in providing for the better administration and increased welfare of Her Imperial Majesty's Indian Dominions.

I must take this opportunity of correcting some misapprehensions which appear to have been caused by the publication of the despatch to Her Majesty's Secretary of State for India, on the subject of the present arrangements. In that despatch it is stated that the Government intends to carry out these arrangements in such a manner as will

leave Oudh in possession of its separate administration, its own executive system, and its own special laws. The despatch further points out that it will thus remain in the power of the Government (which, as I have said before, is the sole competent and legitimate judge in matters of this kind) to revert to the former state of things without serious solution of continuity, should unforeseen causes render such a reversion expedient at any future period.

Now, from this statement some persons appear to have assumed that the Government does not know its own mind : that its policy is empirical ; and its decision dependent on the opinion of those whose duty it is not to discuss, but to carry out, that decision. Such a supposition is entirely erroneous.

The decision of the Government of India in this matter was not taken without long and careful consideration, and nothing could be further from the intention of the Government than to suggest to the Secretary of State, or to any one else, that the propriety of this important measure, which it is now incumbent on us to carry out efficiently, might be re-considered before it has been tried, or within any period the duration of which can now be calculated. It is obvious that in any case many years must elapse before the practical results which I confidently anticipate from the present measure can be fairly tested by time. For all present purposes, therefore, the union of the two provinces must be regarded as final.

But you and all here who are affected by that measure may rest assured that the Government will vigilantly and

sympathisingly watch over the interests of this important province. Moreover, it is my anxious desire and sincere intention that in giving practical effect to the decision of the Government, every possible consideration consistent with the requirements of the public service shall also be given to the personal interests of those who are individually affected by the change. I cannot indeed promise that no one shall suffer. We, members and servants of the Government in India, are all of us here, from the highest to the humblest, primarily and specially for the advantage of the State: and to its advantage our own must at all times be duly subordinate.

Administrative improvements or reforms which involve the reduction of existing establishments cannot possibly be effected without more or less of injury to some personal or professional interests. This is an unfortunate but inevitable necessity of the case. But it must always be the desire, and indeed I may add the duty, of the Government to take every possible pains that measures which it deems necessary in the interest of the State be carried out in such a manner as to cause the least avoidable hardship to individuals.

For my own part I shall always be ready, and I am quite sure that my friend the Lieutenant-Governor and Chief Commissioner will always be ready, to receive and fairly consider any representations on the part of those servants of the Government who think they have just cause for complaint; provided only that such representations be made in a loyal and proper spirit. It must,

however, be clearly understood that I will not tolerate, on the part of any public servant, be he high or low, old or young, either opposition or half-hearted support to the known policy of the Government whose servant he is.

Your address gives expression to the hopes and fears with which the inhabitants of Lucknow contemplate the future position of this beautiful and memorable city. The fears are, I trust, altogether unfounded. Lucknow will always remain the capital of Oudh, and one of the chief civil and military stations of the empire. It is also in Lucknow that the Lieutenant-Governor who does not cease to be Chief Commissioner of Oudh will pass a due portion of his time every year, for the transaction of business, and with all the state and ceremony due to the importance and renown of this great provincial capital. No man is more intimately associated with Lucknow or more worthily than himself. His pride in the great memories of this historic town—memories of events, *quorum ille pars fuit*, and his solicitous regard for all its inhabitants are well known to you, and it is with sincere pleasure that I listened to those passages in your address which express your appreciation of them. I am therefore confident that it will always be his desire, as it will certainly be that of the Government of India, not only to protect, but also to promote the interests of Lucknow.

When we pass, however, from the fears to the hopes which may have been suggested by the present change, I feel that I should only deceive you if I encouraged the notion that Lucknow is likely to become the capital not

only of Oudh, but also of the North-West Provinces. Such an aspiration on the part of its inhabitants is quite natural: and indeed it is one with which I can fully sympathise. But I must frankly tell you that the realization of it does not appear to me compatible with those higher than local interests of the State which demand that Allahabad should remain, as it is now, the head-quarters of the Local Government.

And now, gentlemen, it only remains for me to inform you that I shall have great pleasure in conveying to the Empress those assurances of loyalty and devotion which are contained in the address you have read to me, and which enhance the personal satisfaction I feel in cordially thanking you on my own behalf for your kind, hospitable reception of me.



